FEBRUARY 1914

BOOKMAN

WITH PRESENTATION PLATE PORTRAIT OF

ANATOLE FRANCE

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No. 269. Vol. XLV. FEBRUARY, 1914. **Price Sixpence.**

6*d.* net monthly. Special Numbers 1/- net and 2/6 net.
SUBSCRIPTION TERMS: British Isles, Canada and Newfoundland, 12/- per annum, post free. Other places abroad, 14/- per annum post free.

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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

We record with much regret the death of Mr. W. E. A. Axon, in his sixty-eighth year. Mr. Axon was one of the best of bookmen, a scholarly writer whose knowledge of literature was at once broad and deep. He contributed largely to magazines and newspapers; to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and the "Dictionary of National Biography"; for over thirty years he was on the literary staff of the *Manchester Guardian*, and for many years past he was a frequent and valued contributor to our own pages.

"From the Crusades to the French Revolution," a history of the La Tremoille family, by Miss Winifred Stephens, has just been published by Messrs. Constable.

"Time and Thomas Waring," a new book by Mr. Morley Roberts, will be published early this month by Mr. Eveleigh Nash. Its sub-title is "A Study of a Man," and it promises to be of peculiar interest to the medical profession.

Mr. Harold Spender has written a new novel, "The Call of the Siren," which Messrs. Mills & Boon are publishing.

Mr. Wilfred Ward has made another collection of his essays, and the book is to be published this month by Messrs. Longman with the title of "Men and Matters."

The second part of the Report of the Land Inquiry Committee on the question of urban land will be published this month by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. It deals with the rating system, and the incidence of rates, leaseholds, the position of town tenants, the acquisition of land by public authorities, housing, etc., and contains the results of the researches of a large number of trained investigators who have studied the conditions of life and work in two hundred and sixty-five towns and urban districts in the United Kingdom.

Miss Margaret Peterson, whose first novel, "The Lure of the Little Drum," won one of Mr. Andrew Melrose's £250 prizes, has written a new story, which she is calling "Blind Eyes." It is to be published immediately by Mr. Melrose.

An interesting reproduction of a pastel belonging to Miss B. N. Melladew appears on this page. It was supposed to represent Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan, but Miss Melladew is now more inclined to believe it is of Mrs. Sheridan and her father. "It came to me," she writes, "from a late aunt, a niece of the widow of Sir Gerard Noel, who was a member of the Regency set. My aunt told me it was Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan, and I have no doubt, it is the latter, but as my aunt died in 1894, aged, eighty-four, and her aunt, Lady Noel, had died in 1867, aged over seventy, probably my aunt's recollections of what she was told about the pastel when, as a girl, she lived at Exton, Sir Gerard Noel's place in Rutlandshire, had got rather confused, for although the lady's portrait bears a great resemblance to Mrs. Sheridan, the man is not in the least like her husband—there is such a family likeness between the two that he is probably her father, especially in view of the violin that is shown on the table. The style of the lady's hairdressing belongs to 1788, or thereabouts, and I believe the Linleys were living in London at this time and often seeing Mrs. Sheridan. Three experts, independently of one another have pronounced it to be the work of John Raphael Smith, one adding that it is a very interesting example of his way of making a pastel for reproduction. If you could call the attention of your readers to it, it might be of great service in assisting to identify the man especially."

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Sir H. Rider Haggard,**
whose new novel "The Wanderer's Necklace," Messrs. Cassell are publishing.

Mrs. Sheridan and her Father (?)
From a pastel belonging to Miss B. N. Melladew

It is not often that a publisher owns he has made a mistake. That may, of course, not so much prove his obstinacy as that he does not often make one. But if it is rare to find a publisher confessing to an error, it is rarer to meet one who will preface a book bearing his imprint with a statement to the effect that there are things in it of which he and his readers had disapproved. In a publisher's note to "The Heart of the Moor," a new novel by Beatrice Chase, Mr. Herbert Jenkins mentions that after reading the MS. he and his readers praised the book highly, but with one accord said that the author must modify the melodrama of her story. Miss Chase protested, however, that she could not do this, as what they called melodrama was a simple record of actual happenings. Whereupon, in effect, Mr.

Jenkins seems to have asked her not to shoot, for he and his readers were prepared to climb down. He is proceeding to publish the story and do penance in a preface by a frank confession of his fallibility. Until we have seen the book and tasted this melodrama we do not know whether to approve of his modesty or not. Melodrama is as much a part of life as tragedy and comedy, but everything that is true is not art, unless the cunning of the artist succeeds in making it so. Miss Chase's melodramatic incidents may be all hard facts, but the question for the critic is does her treatment of them justify Mr. Jenkins' penitence?

Photo by F. Wiedhofft. **Mr. R. E. Francillon,**
whose "Mid-Victorian Memories" (Hodder & Stoughton) was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

"Paul Verlaine," by Wilfred Thorley, is the new volume in Messrs. Constable's Modern Biographies series.

As often as not the writer of successful adventure stories is a placid, quiet-living man who resides in a conventional suburb, pays his rates and taxes directly they are due and has never seen anything so dangerous even as a burglar. This is so disillusioning that most good readers prefer to know nothing about him. But Mr. Louis Tracy is not one of that disappointing kind. Which is not to suggest that he does not pay his rates and is the terror of tax collectors; he is as law abiding as the best of us, but in his time he has had real adventures and his career has been as picturesque as the career of such a novelist ought to be. He began it as a journalist, by joining the staff of the *Northern Echo* when he was a youngster of about twenty-one. He spent his earlier years in Yorkshire, where he formed that love of horses, dogs and guns which asserts itself in most of his writings. His knowledge of military matters is again the fruit of personal experience. At the age of eighteen he obtained his officer's certificate, and later he saw service in India in the Allahabad Light Horse and the Punjab Light Horse. In 1892

Photo by Lallie Charles. **The Countess of Cromartie,**
whose new novel, "The Decoy," has just been published by Mr. Erskine Macdonald.

Mr. T. Everett Harré.
Author of "The Eternal Maiden" (Duckworth).

Mr. Max Eastman,
whose charming volume on "The Enjoyment of Poetry" was recently published by Mr. Elkin Mathews.

he was editing the *Allahabad Morning Post*, and when ill-health sent him home to London he became Mr. T. P. O'Connor's assistant editor on the *Sun*. In 1895 he was joint-owner with the Harmsworths and Kennedy Jones of the *Evening News*. But the money he made during the South African boom tempted him to go in search of fresh adventure to Colorado, and there, though he gained much useful experience, he lost the bulk of his fortune. The experience equipped him for story-writing, and the phenomenal success of his romance, "The Final War," in *Pearson's Weekly*, fairly started him on the course he has since pursued. After many later wanderings in India, America, and elsewhere, he is now settled down in the old-world neighbourhood of Whitby. In the eight years of his life as a novelist—for his first novel only appeared in 1906—he has written considerably more than eighteen books—and has lately finished another—"The Terms of Surrender" which has just been published by Messrs. Cassell.

Photo by F. M. Sutcliffe, Whitby. **Mr. Louis Tracy.**

Mr. George A. Birmingham has taken an assured place among the foremost of living English humorists. His "General John Regan" was one of the most brilliantly successful of last year's productions, both on the stage and as a novel. He is engaged on a new book that Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton will publish shortly; meanwhile, the same firm have added "Hyacinth" and "Benedict Kavanagh," two of his most charming stories, to their popular two shilling series, and "The Major's Niece" to their sevenpennies.

Miss Edith Howes,
the well-known New Zealand writer whose latest book, "Maoriland Fairy Tales" (Ward, Lock), was reviewed in the Christmas BOOKMAN.

The announcement that the splendid collection of Thackerayana made by the late Major William H. Lambert, of Philadelphia, is to be dispersed by

Photo by Pirie Macdonald, New York.

Mr. George A. Birmingham.

auction will be of considerable interest to all who are in any way collectors of books, autographs and manuscripts, for the Lambert Collection has long been known to contain a large number of most desirable rarities. The sale will take place at the rooms of the Metropolitan Art Association in New York, at the end of February, and will probably occupy several days, for Major Lambert had for five-and-thirty years, let few opportunities slip for adding to his Thackeray treasures. The collection includes many of the great novelist's drawings and manuscripts, which are said to have reached it directly from his family—including the complete manuscript of "The Rose and the Ring," with about eighty of Thackeray's finished drawings for that delightful tale, and more than a score of sketches which were not included in the book. This is believed in America to be the most valuable modern manuscript in existence. Another MS. of great interest is that of "The Adventures of Philip," while lesser gems for which Thackeray collectors will jealously compete are the "Ballad of Bouillabaisse," "The Age of Wisdom," and other poems in manuscript. Thackeray letters appear to be among the most valuable in the eyes of collectors of autographs (though the novelist declared at one time that he wrote at the rate of five thousand letters a year!), and in the Lambert Collection are about a hundred such, including a number addressed to Mrs. Brookfield that have never been published, for the originals of the large collection of those to Mrs. Brookfield published some years ago were acquired by the late Mr. Pierpoint Morgan—Major Lambert having been the under-bidder when they were sold in the Augustin Daly sale. Of rare editions, and of books enriched with pages of the author's manuscript or the originals of his drawings the collector will find in the catalogue, when it is issued, a wonderful array worthy of the reputation which the Lambert Collection has long possessed among devout Titmarshians.

Photo by Keturah Collings.

Miss Winifred Boggs.

Author of "The Sale of Lady Daventry" (Herbert Jenkins).

For the loan of several of our Anatole France illustrations, and permission to reproduce them, we are greatly indebted to the kindness of Miss Elizabeth Asquith, Mr. John Lane and Miss Winifred Stephens.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

D. H. LAWRENCE.

By W. L. George.

IT is not a very long time ago since Professor Osler startled America and England by proclaiming that a man was too old at forty. This is not yet generally held, though, I think, most of us will accept that one is too old to begin at forty. But that is not the end: very soon, in literature at least, it may be too late to begin at thirty, if we are to take into account at all the achievements of the young men, of whom, perhaps, the biggest, Mr. D. H. Lawrence, is, I believe, the youngest. For Mr. Lawrence is certainly one of the young men, not a member of their school, for they have no formal school, and can have none if they are of any value, but a partner in their tendencies and an exponent of their outlook. He has all the unruliness of Mr. Cannan, of Mr. Beresford, of Mr. Onions, and of that small group which is rising up against the threatening State, its rules and its iron conventions, proclaiming the right of the individual to do much more than live—namely, to live splendidly.

It is this link makes Mr. Lawrence so interesting; this fact that, like them, he is so very much of his time, so hot, controversial, uneasy; that, like them, he has the sudden fury of the bird that beats against the bars of its cage. But while the young men sneer at society, at the family, at every institution, Mr. Lawrence tends to accept these things; he has no plan of reform, no magic wand with which to transmute the world into fairy-land: he claims only as a right to develop his individuality, and to see others develop theirs, within a system which tortures him as another Cardinal La Balue.

This it is differentiates him from so many of his rivals. He has in his mind no organisations; he is mainly passionate aspiration and passionate protest. And that is not wonderful when we consider who he is. Surprising to think, this prominent young novelist is only twenty-eight. Son of a Nottinghamshire coal-miner, a Board-school boy, his early career seems to have been undistinguished: a county council scholarship made of him only a school teacher, imparting knowledge in the midst of old-fashioned chaos in a room containing several classes. Then another scholarship, two years at college, and Mr. Lawrence went to Croydon to teach for less than £2 a week. Then the literary life, though I extract

from his record the delightful fact that at college they gave him a prize for history and chemistry, but placed him very low in the English class. (This is rather embarrassing for those who believe in the public endowment of genius.)

I have said "then the literary life," but I was wrong, for already at twenty-one Mr. Lawrence had begun "The White Peacock," of which, year by year, and he confesses often during lectures, he was laying the foundations. Mr. Lawrence did not, as do so many of us, enter the literary life at a given moment: literature grew in him and with him, was always with him, even in the worst years of his delicate health. If literature was not his passion, it was to his passion what the tongue is to speech: the essential medium of his expression.

Photo by W. G. Parker. **Mr. D. H. Lawrence.**

Sometimes, when reading one of his works, I wonder whether Mr. Lawrence has not mistaken his medium, and whether it is not a painter he ought to have been, so significant is for him the slaty opalescence of the heron's wing and so rutilant the death of the sun. When he paints the country-side, sometimes in his simplicity he is almost Virgilian, but more often he is a Virgil somehow strayed into Capua and intoxicated with its wines. All through every one of his novels runs this passionate streak, this vision of nature in relation to himself. But it is certainly in "The White Peacock" that this sensation attains its apogee. It is not a story which one can condense. Strictly, it is not a story at all. It presents to us a group of well-to-do people, cultured, and yet high in emotional tone.

Mr. Lawrence himself, who figures in it, is effaced; Lettice, wayward and beautiful, is the fragrance of sex, but not more so than the honeysuckle in the hedges; George, muscles rippling under his skin, insensitive to cruelty, and yet curiously moved by delicacy, is the brother of the bulls he herds; and all the others, the fine gentleman, the laughing girls, farmers, school teachers, making hay, making music, and making jokes, walking in the spangled meadows, and living, and wedding, and dying, all of them come to no resolution. Their lives have no beginning and no end. Mr. Lawrence looks: Pippa passes. It is almost impossible to criticise "The White Peacock," and the great danger in an appreciation is that one should say too much good of it, for the book yields just that quality of illusion that a novel should give us, which, even when given, does not of itself justify the critic in saying that it is a great book. For the novel, equally with the picture, can never reproduce life; it can only suggest it, and when it does suggest it, however peculiarly or partially, one is inclined to exaggerate the impression one has received and to refrain from considering whether it is a true impression. It is the vividness of Mr. Lawrence's nature-vision carries us away; such phrases as these deceive us: "The earth was red and warm, pricked with the dark, succulent green of bluebell sheaths, and embroidered with grey-green clusters of spears, and many white flowerets. High above, above the light tracery of hazel, the weird oaks tangled in the sunset. Below in the first shadows drooped hosts of little white flowers, so silent and sad, it seemed like a holy communion of pure wild things, numberless, frail and folded meekly in the evening light." They deceive us because Mr. Lawrence's realisation of man is less assured than his realisation of nature. I doubt the quality of his people's culture, the spontaneity of their attitude towards the fields in which they breathe; their spontaneity seems almost artificial.

That impression Mr. Lawrence always gives; he sees the world through a magnifying-glass, and perhaps more so in "Sons and Lovers" than in "The White Peacock." In that book he gives us unabashed autobiography—the story of his early youth, of his relation to his mother, a creature of fitful, delicate charm. Mrs. Morel is very Northern; she has, with the harshness of her latitude, its fine courage and its ambition; Paul Morel, the hero, delicate, passionate, artistic, is Mr. Lawrence himself, the little blue flower on the clinker heap. And all those other folk about him, dark Miriam, slowly brooding over him; her rival, that conquering captive of sex; the brothers, the sisters, and the friends; all this intense society is vital and yet undefinably exaggerated. Perhaps not so undefinably, for I am oppressed by unbelief when I find this grouping of agriculturists and colliers responding to the verse of Swinburne and Verlaine, to Italian, to Wagner, to Bach. I cannot believe in the spinet at the pit's mouth. And yet all this, Mr. Lawrence tells us, is true. Well, it is true, but it is not general, and that is what a little impairs the value of Mr. Lawrence's visions. Because a thing is, he believes that it is: when a thing is, it may be only accidental; it may be particular. Now one might discuss at great length whether a novelist should concentrate on the general or on the particular, whether he should use the microscope or the aplanetic lense, and many champions will be found in the field. I will not attempt to decide whether he should wish, as Mr. Wells, to figure all the world, or as Mr. Bennett, to take a section; probably the ideal is the mean. But doubtless the novelist

should select among the particular that which has an application to the general, and it may safely be said that, if Mr. Lawrence errs at all, it is in selecting such particular as has not invariably a universal application.

Mr. Lawrence lays himself open to this criticism in a work such as "Sons and Lovers," because it has a conscious general scope, but in "The Trespasser," his conception has a lesser compass. The book has a more minute psychological intention. That Sigmund should leave his wife for another love and find himself driven to his death by an intolerable conflict between his desire, the love he bears his children, and the consciousness of his outlawry, should have made a great book. But this one of Mr. Lawrence's three novels fails because the author needs a wide sphere within which the particular can evolve; he is clamouring within the narrow limits of his incident; Sigmund appears small and weak, unredeemed by even a flash of heroism; his discontented wife, her self-righteous child, hold their own views, and not enough those of the world which contains them. An amazing charge to make against a novelist, that his persons are too much persons! But persons must partly be types, or else they become monsters.

It would be very surprising if Mr. Lawrence were not a poet in verse as well as in prose, if he did not sing when addressing his love:

"Coiffing up your auburn hair
In a puritan fillet, a chaste white snare
To catch and keep me with you there
So far away."

But a poet he is much more than a rebel, and that distinguishes him finely from the realists who have won fame by seeing the dunghill very well, and not at all the spreading chestnut tree above. Though he select from the world, he is greedy for its beauty, so greedy that from all it has to give, flower, beast, woman, he begs more:

"You, Helen, who see the stars
As mistletoe berries burning in a black tree,
You surely, seeing I am a bowl of kisses,
Should put your mouth to mine and drink of me.
Helen, you let my kisses steam
Wasteful into the night's black nostrils; drink
Me up, I pray; oh, you who are Night's Bacchante,
How can you from my bowl of kisses shrink!"

I cannot, having no faith in my power to judge poetry, proclaim Mr. Lawrence to Parnassus, but I doubt whether such cries as these, where an urgent wistfulness mingles in tender neighbourhood with joy and pain together coupled, can remain unheard.

And so it seems very wonderful to find in Mr. Lawrence activities alien a little to such verses as these, to have to say that he is also an authoritative critic of German literature and the author of a prose drama of colliery life. More gladly would I think of him always as more remote from the stirrings of common men, forging and nursing his dreams. For dreams they are, and they will menace the realities of his future if he cannot "breathe upon his star and detach its wings." It is not only the dragon of autobiography that threatens him. It is true that so far he has written mainly about himself, about the world in intimate relation with himself, for that every writer must do a little; but he has followed his life so very closely, so often photographed his own emotions, that unless life has for him many more adventures, and unless he can retain the power to give minor incident individual quality, he may find himself written out. For Mr. Lawrence has not what is called ideas. He is stimulated by the eternal rather than by the fugitive; the fact of the day has little significance for him; thus, if he does not renew himself he may become monotonous, or he made cede to his more dangerous tendency to emphasise overmuch. He may develop his illusion of culture among the vulgar until it is incredible; he may be seduced by the love he bears nature and its throbbings into allowing his art to dominate him. Already his form is often turgid, amenable to no discipline, tends to lead him astray. He sees too much, feels significances greater than the actual; with arms that are too short, because only human, he strives to embrace the soul of man. But little matters if he perish in the effort; for a servant of literature it is a good death to die of exhaustion near the goal, to die of love because loving too much.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

February 1st to March 1st, 1914.

Messrs. George Allen & Co.

HOLT, PROF. EDWIN.—The Concept of Consciousness. 12s. 6d. net.
LORIA, PROF. ACHILLE.—The Economic Synthesis. Translated by Mr. Eden Paul. 15s. net.
MURRAY, PROF. GILBERT.—Andromache: An Original Play. 2s. net, cloth; 1s. net, paper.
RAINE, G. E.—Lloyd George and the Land. 1s. net, cloth; 6d. net, paper.
STEVENS, E. J. C.—Leentas: A Novel. 6s.

Messrs. Appleton & Co.

DUNN, S. V.—Government Ownership of Railways. 6s. net.
MARTHA, J. CROW.—Harriet Beecher Stowe. 5s. net.
MOYANS, H. J.—Women in Science. 10s. 6d. net.
MUNSON, ARLEY, M.D.—Jungle Days. 10s. 6d. net.
SEASHORE, E. E.—Psychology in Daily Life. 6s. net.
SEDES, BORIS.—Psychology of Laughter. 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Edward Arnold.

BRUCE, LT.-COL. THE HON. C. G.—Kulu and Lahoul. An Account of my Latest Climbing Journeys in the Himalaya. 12s. 6d. net.
BULL, FATHER PAUL.—Revival of the Religious Life. 3s. 6d. net.
CORNFORD. F. M.—The Origin of Attic Comedy. 8s. 6d. net.
GREEN, REV. CANON PETER.—Teaching for Lads. 2s. 6d. net.
JENKINSON, EMILY.—Barbara Lynn. 6s.
RAWSON, LIEUT. GEOFFREY.—Life of Admiral Sir Harry Rawson. 12s. 6d. net.
ROSS, MALCOLM.—A Climber in New Zealand. 15s. net.
PREVOST-BATTERSBY, H. F.—Richard Cornfield of Somaliland. Price not fixed.
TYRRELL, GEORGE (Edited by M. D. PETRE).—Essays on Faith and Immortality. (?) 5s. net.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

CHEYNE, REV. T. K., D.Litt., D.D.—Fresh Voyages on Unfrequented Waters.

Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons.

HATELY WADDELL, REV. P., D.D.—The Religious Spirit: Sermon Notes. 2s, net.
PATRICK, JOHN, D.D.—Clement of Alexandria. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

BALLANTYNE, DR. J. W.—Expectant Motherhood. 6s. net.
CURWOOD, JAMES.—Kazan, the Wolf-Dog. 6s.
DEEPING, WARWICK.—The King Behind the King. 6s.
MONTGOMERY, L. M.—The Golden Road. 6s.
PEMBERTON, MAX.—The Giant's Gate. 1s. net.
ROGERS, F. HERON.—Motor Mechanics' Handbook, N.E. 1s. 6d. net.
SWAN, ANNIE S.—A Favourite of Fortune. 6d.
WELLS, H. G.—An Englishman Looks at the World. 6s. net.
WELLS, H. G.—Wonders of Land and Sea, Vol. I. 10s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

CULLUM, RIDGWELL.—The Way of the Strong. 6s.
GARDINER, GORDON.—The Reconnaisance. 6s.
HOPKINS, TIGHE.—The Romance of Fraud. 7s. 6d. net.
HOWARD, KEBLE.—So the World Wags. 6s.
HUNT, HOLMAN.—Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. 2 vols. 21s. net.
MARTINS, P. OLIVIERER.—The Golden Age of Prince Henry the Navigator 10s. 6d. net.
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THE READER.

ANATOLE FRANCE: THE MAN AND HIS WORK.

By Thomas Seccombe and Winifred Stephens.

I.—THE MAN.

By Winifred Stephens.

"IT is impossible to be commonplace," writes Anatole France, "if you have been brought up on the Paris quays, the most illustrious and the most beautiful place in the world." And he himself, born on the Quai Malaquais, bred on the Quai Voltaire, within sight of the Tuileries and the Louvre, the Pont Neuf, the towers of Notre Dame, the turrets of the Palais de Justice and the spire of the Sainte-Chapelle, is as far from the commonplace as is possible for any human creature to be.

M. France, like Molière, like Voltaire, and unlike almost every other distinguished French writer of to-day, is a Parisian of the Parisians. After seventy years passed in his native city, he has recently decided to leave it for Versailles. But no sooner was the Versailles house bought and the contract signed than he regretted his decision. He hesitates to leave Paris. And we trust he will continue to hesitate. For one could not imagine him in any more suitable dwelling than that beautiful little *hôtel*, with its stained-glass windows looking on to the Bois de Boulogne, with rooms fitted with costly works of art, now Renaissance, now Directoire, now eighteenth-century, continually metamorphosed to harmonise with that phase of human history with which the mind of the *maitre du logis* is for the moment occupied.

The house in which, on April 16th, 1844, Anatole France first saw the light no longer exists. It was one of those pulled down to make room for l'Ecole des Beaux Arts. But the house in which Anatole spent most of his childhood—No. 9, Quai Voltaire—still stands. Now it is an upholsterer's shop. "Le docte Champion," the bookseller and publisher, who succeeded the father of Anatole, removed from it to 5, Quai Malaquais some years ago; and the upholsterer, who succeeded him, with his plate-glass windows has sadly metamorphosed the simple façade of the fine old house.

Anatole's father was Noël Thibault. "Père France" he had been nicknamed by his comrades in the army, when he served in the body-guard of Charles X. And the name stuck to him; it stuck also to his son. Père France, through all the vicissitudes of French politics, remained a stalwart royalist and a devout Catholic. How could he help it? Royalism and Catholicism ran in his blood. Did he not hail from La Vendée, last stronghold in France of priests and of kings? Of course Père France loathed the Revolution and all its works. And he knew it well. On its documentary history he was considered an authority; and he had written a kind of bibliographical guide to the period, entitled "Le Catalogue la Bédoyère."

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Anatole France.**

In the shop of Père France foregathered many a disappointed royalist, many a sworn adherent of Church and of King. Together those supporters of a lost cause loved to lift up their voices in lamentations over the death of *l'ancien régime*. And these desultory talks in the shop on the Quai Voltaire were not lost on the young Anatole, as, "playing with dumpy duodecimos as other children play with dolls," he lingered in *le cité des livres*. An echo of these talks Anatole's readers may catch in the conversations of M. Bergeret and his friends *chez Paillot Libraire*, and in the discussions of l'Abbé Jérôme Coignard and his cronies in the Bakehouse of Queen Pédauque. Neither did the cynical irony with which these royalists talked of the Revolutions escape the future author of "Les Dieux ont Soif."

Even a more devout Catholic than Anatole's father was his mother, a native of Bruges la Morte. It was at his mother's knee that Anatole delighted to read in a beautifully illustrated edition of the "Lives of the Saints." This book entered so deeply into his child-life that he himself longed to become a saint; and, as he tells in "Le Livre de Mon Ami," he made several experiments in sainthood—experiments, however, which were not encouraged by his family. For Julie, the servant, dragged him down from the top of the kitchen pump, where he had established himself, in imitation of St. Simeon Stylites; and his mother sent him to bed, after a sound whipping, when he cut open one of the dining-room chairs in order to manufacture for himself a hair-shirt out of its horsehair cushion. So he was driven to the conclusion that it is impossible to practise sainthood in the bosom of one's family. He sympathised with St. Jerome in his preference for the desert and lions'

company to the society of his fellow men. Indeed, Anatole had serious thoughts of following the saint's example and betaking himself to the Jardin des Plantes, to live among the wild animals there.

Counteracting his father's royalism and his mother's piety, there was another influence of a very different nature at work on Anatole's mind—the influence of his grandmother, who was neither royalist nor pious, but a disciple of Voltaire. "Elle n'avait par plus de piété qu'un oiseau," her grandson has written of her. ". . . Elle datait du xviii^e siècle, ma grand'mère. Et il y paraissait bien." Frivolous and free in morals, she smiled at the seriousness with which Anatole's mother treated everything in this life and the next. She used to say of her grandson: "He will be a very different man from his father." And her prophecy has come true. It is not his father, but his grandmother that Anatole resembles.

Though his parents were by no means bountifully endowed with this world's goods, they determined to give their son what seemed to them the best of educations; and they made considerable sacrifices in order to send Anatole to the expensive and aristocratic institution, le Collège Stanislas, in la Rue Notre Dame des Champs. It was a long walk for the young collegian from the Quai Voltaire up the Rue Bonaparte, or another of those narrow old picturesque thoroughfares leading from the Seine into the Latin quarter, and then through the Luxembourg Gardens to the Collège. This daily walk through the heart of literary and artistic Paris probably played an even greater part in the boy's education than the hours he spent at school.

Like many another man of genius, Anatole never distinguished himself in class. One can imagine him loitering on the way to school, peering into those wine shops and grocers' stores, the delights of which he has described in "Pierre Nozière" and "Le Livre de Mon Ami"; lingering to watch milkmen, coal-heavers and water-carriers on their rounds, and to listen to the music of some military band, finally arriving late at college, with his mind distracted from the lessons of the day by all those wonderful sights and sounds, those complex workings of the social machine which, even in those early years, excited his intelligent curiosity.

From his school-days onward, Anatole France, like the characters in his novels in which he reveals himself —like l'Abbé Jérôme Coignard, Dechartre, Bergeret and Brotteau—has been a practised loafer. And to his loafing habits we owe many a vivid descriptive passage in his work. Immortalised by his pen are the book-boxes on the quays and the bookstalls in the Odéon galleries, the old curiosity shops in the Bastille quarter, and the carts of roast chestnut sellers, beneath whose flaring lamps young Anatole would stand and read "The Antigone." More than the class-rooms of the Collège Stanislas, Paris streets, wherein he unconsciously assimilated *la plus saine philosophie*, have moulded the genius of Anatole France. Yet college, too, had its share. For it was at college that classic beauty first dawned upon him. It was at college that he became initiated into that Greek and Latin tradition compact of reason and of beauty, "outside which," he writes, "there is nothing but error and confusion." Alcestis and Antigone inspired him with the noblest dreams a child ever dreamed. In his "Discours de Réception à l'Académie" he painted a picture of himself as a schoolboy. He told how, seated at his desk, all ink-bespattered, his head buried in his dictionary, he beheld divine faces, arms of ivory falling over white tunics, and heard voices more beautiful than the most beautiful music lamenting harmoniously. "Poets," he has written elsewhere, "behold within them beautiful visions long before they are able to give them utterance."

In his school-days Anatole was already indulging in that omnivorous reading which has left its mark on all his work. Yet he has never been a bookworm. "Il faut être un homme de bibliothèque et non pas un rat de bibliothèque," he has said. He is never tired of emphasizing the limitations of mere book learning. "Seek not in books," he urged in one of his public utterances, "the secret of happiness. "Seek not in books the secret of wisely governing the world, or even one's own household, for it is a secret books do not possess, or rather, which is worse, it is one to which they all lay claim . . . and not two of them agree." "What a multitude of books!" cried Mdlle. Préfère, when she entered M. Bonnard's study, "and have you read them all, M. Bonnard?" "Alas! yes," he replied. "And that is why I know nothing at all; for there is not one of those books which does not contradict another, so that when one knows them all, one does not know what to think. And to that pass I am come, Madame."

Bibliophile almost from the cradle, it was but natural that Anatole should early aspire to be a writer. At the age of fifteen he was evidently looking forward to a literary career, for in dedicating a school exercise, "La Légende de Sainte Radegonde," to his parents he promises that to them he will likewise dedicate all his future writings.

On leaving the Collège Stanislas, Anatole passed several desultory years. He did some teaching. He also engaged in journalism. In his early twenties he was contributing to several bibliographical magazines. One of them he edited for a time. At twenty-four he published his first book, a study of Alfred de Vigny. Two years later the war broke out, and Anatole, with a volume of Virgil in his pocket, went out to fight the Prussians. Throughout those campaigns he and his Virgil were as inseparable as during the Revolution were Citoyen Brotteau and his Lucretius. During the attack on the Fort la Faisanderie, M. France tells how he and a comrade sat reading "The Silenus," to the hissing sound of cannon-balls falling into the Marne.

In 1873 France published his second book, this time a volume of verse, "Les Poèmes Dorés." Verlaine, with whom its author had collaborated in "Le Chasseur Bibliographique," and of whom he was to paint a vivid portrait in the person of Choulette, in "Le Lys Rouge," justly praised these poems. And his high opinion of the poetry of France was confirmed by the appearance three years later of a second volume of verse, "Les Noces Corinthiennes," which revealed the author as "a poet of the exquisite class, a sort of Walter Savage Landor."

The success of his "Alfred de Vigny" procured for

M. France from the publisher Lemerre a commission to edit a series of French classics. This work, which he began with an introduction to the works of Racine in 1874, continued for many years, and closed with an introduction to the works of Molière, which appeared as late as 1906. Of the first of these essays, in a preface to the volume, M. France writes: "La Notice sur Racine, le plus ancien et le plus faible de ces petits ouvrages n'a pas été plus amendée que les autres, à cela près que j'èn ai retranché quelques pages d'un insupportable pédantisme. En dépit des romantiques j'ai toujours aimé Racine; mais j'avais des sévérités - Aujourd'hui je ne me retiens plus d'adorer en chacun de ses vers le plus parfait des poètes."

Although the author is still severe so far as his own essay "on the most perfect of poets" is concerned, his readers will find it full of suggestive and poetic thoughts; as, for example, that expressed in the following sentence: "La religion offre aux âmes voluptuenses une volupté de plus: la volupté de se perdre."

In the same manner as these essays were the delightful articles which M. France contributed later to *Le Temps*, and later still to *l'Echo de Paris*. The *Temps* articles have been collected and published in the four volumes of "La Vie Littéraire."

Anatole France.

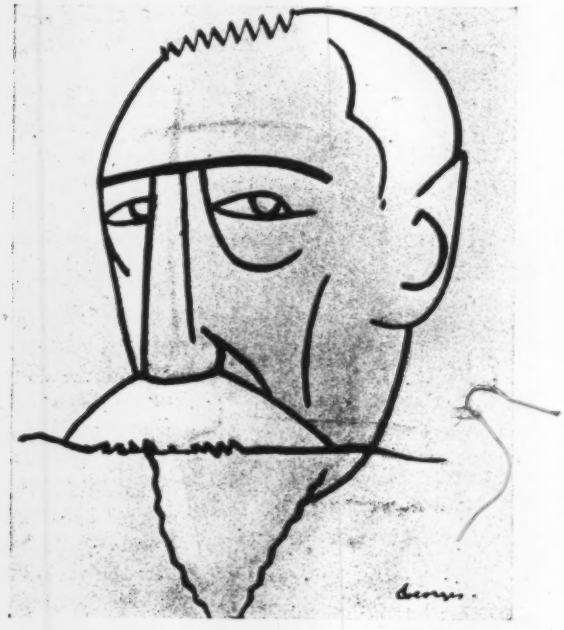
From the painting by Guth in the possession of Mr. John Lane.

It is not, however, as a critic or as a poet that the fame of Anatole France will go down to posterity. Those literary works of the 'seventies were but the attempts of his prentice years. The decade had well nigh run its course before he found himself in fiction. His two earliest stories, "Jocaste et le Chat Maigre," appeared in 1879. They were followed two years later by his first long novel, "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard."

Considering this book with one's knowledge of the writer's subsequent development, one may find in the mental and moral evolution of its hero, Sylvestre Bonnard, a kind of foreshadowing of the evolution of France himself. As in this novel there are two Bonnards—the Bonnard before and the Bonnard after Jeanne Alexandre's advent—so a study of the mentality of Bonnard's creator reveals two Frances, separated from one another not by the advent of a young schoolgirl, but by the persecution of an innocent Jew.

The France of before *l'Affaire Dreyfus* is the France of "Le Jardin d'Epicure" and "La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque"—the France who from his ivory tower in *le cité des livres* gazes down with an ironical smile on the battlefields of humanity, as the writer saw him not long ago, contemplating the battles of a colony of ants in the Formicarium of Sir John Lubbock. The France of after *l'Affaire Dreyfus* is the France of the two last volumes of "l'Histoire Contemporaine," of "Crainquebille," of "Vers les Temps Meilleurs," of the sixth chapter of "Sur la Pierre Blanche," of those eloquent pages in the Introduction to "Jeanne d'Arc," where he makes his confession of faith in the ultimate victory of the proletariat and the coming of peace and goodwill among the nations. The early France was a Conservative-Aristocrat; the present France is a Radical-Socialist. He no longer remains aloof from humanity. He has descended from his ivory tower to fight the battles of the poor and the oppressed, as Sylvestre Bonnard rose from his library arm-chair and his study of old Toutemouillé's manuscript to carry off Jeanne Alexandre from her boarding-school, and to wage war on her behalf with schoolmistress and with guardians. Some there are who, like Julien Benda, in "l'Ordination," regard as a fall this contact of the philosopher with reality, and who prefer the earlier France. And they may still find him, with all his aloofness and irony, in certain pages of his later work—in "l'Ile des Pingouins," for example, and in "Les Dieux ont Soif."

A series of striking contrasts has resulted from the existence of the two Frances. In 1897, for example, we find the future Radical-Socialist admitted to the French Academy as the candidate of the Conservative party, and in opposition to the defeated anti-clerical candidate, Ferdinand Fabre. The intimate friend of M. Jules Lemaître and M. Paul Bourget, M. France in the early 'nineties was the enemy of Emile Zola. "I do not believe that more intelligent men than Paul Bourget and Jules Lemaître ever existed," he wrote in sober earnest; and of Zola: "I do not envy him his disgusting celebrity. Never has a man so exerted himself to abase humanity and to deny everything that is good and right. Never has any one so entirely misunderstood the human ideal." Yet in a few brief years we find M. France joining hands with Emile Zola, waging war for the truth—truth at all times and at all costs—against his former friends, Bourget and Lemaître, who were only for the truth when it happened to be expedient; for such was the real issue in the Dreyfus affair.



Anatole France.
From a caricature by Miss G. Banks.
Lent by Mr. John Lane.

Some of the most eloquent words of sincere admiration ever spoken were those uttered by M. France at Zola's funeral. Later, to a meeting of La Ligue des Droits de l'Homme, held to do honour to Zola's memory, M. France wrote: "Je regrette vivement de ne pouvoir assister a la grande fête organisée pas la Ligue des Droits de l'Homme. De toutes mes forces j'amais acclamé avec vous le nom d'Emile Zola—ce fut un homme de puissant labeur, l'homme des grandes titres. Romancier, son œuvre est immense. Je puis, sans paraître suspect de complaisance, exprimer l'admiration qu'il m'inspire comme écrivain, car si j'ai combattu d'abord, avec moins de mesure que de sincérité, quelque rudes mainfestations de son génie, j'avais reconnu en plus d'un article la force et la bonté de sa création littéraire, bien avant les jours de combat où je me rangais de son parti."

Since the *Affaire Dreyfus*, M. France has frequently appeared on the public platform, at meetings to protest against the oppression of the Russian people, or the massacres of Armenians and Macedonians by the Turks, at various international congresses and at gatherings of that Radical-Socialist body to which he now belongs. M. France is no orator, for he reads his speeches, perhaps, as has been suggested, because he has too much tenderness for each sentence he has composed to deliver it up to the chance of the moment. But (as we in London, who have lately had the pleasure of listening to him, know) he rivets the attention of his audience. Every word tells. His irony, now and then giving way to earnestness, provokes laughter and carries conviction.

As a conversationalist M. France is best at monologue. Some trifling remark about, perhaps, some very commonplace circumstance will set him evolving a number of general ideas of delightful originality, or painting some brilliant picture in words, or relating some telling story. But M. France appears to greater advantage in more intimate circles. In a certain salon, now closed, which he frequented regularly for twenty years, the society, I am told, always broke up into little groups, one of which naturally gathered round M. France. It is, however, by his own fireside, in that sumptuous apartment which he is pleased to term his *grenier*, that I have heard him talk best. There, clad in grey frieze dressing-gown and red velvet skull-cap, surrounded by a few old friends, on Sunday mornings the "Bénédictin Narquois" will evolve from some trivial circumstance ideas of striking originality, or paint some brilliant word picture or relate some telling story chosen from the rich treasure-house of his erudition. And never will he talk for long without referring in affectionate terms to some dumb friend. For M. France is a passionate lover of animals. We all know the cat, Hamilcar, in "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard," and the dog, Riquet, in the Bergeret novels. M. France delights to insist on how much—all our sensations—we have in common with the animals. And what is intelligence, he asks, but systematised sensation? Right or wrong, our interpretation of nature is the same as that made by our inarticulate friends. As he was leaving a London house the other day a poor little stray kitten appeared upon the threshold. M. France took it up and caressed it. The master of the house straightway decreed that the kitten should stray no more, and that it should be called Anatole.

Though in his later years M. France has become a Socialist in politics, in manner he remains the aristocrat of the days when he first sat among "the immortals." He receives his visitors with an old-world courtesy which recalls the dignified grace of *l'ancien régime*; and frequently across his Gallic countenance there flits the smile which, slightly sardonic, half suggests that complete *gentilhomme*, his master, Voltaire.

But M. France, unlike Voltaire, has not lived in the public eye. Fashionable assemblies bore him. It was all the more wonderful, therefore, that he submitted to be lionised during his recent visit to London, and that he seemed to enjoy it. Visiting His Majesty's Theatre, dining at the Savoy Hotel, drinking tea with Mrs.

Asquith, lunching with his Peisistratus-Caxton, as he dubbed his English publishers, through it all M. France was in his gayest mood. And the culmination was reached when in that ardent moment at the Fabian meeting in his confraternal embrace of G. B. S. he renewed an acquaintance made years ago in the Sistine Chapel. On that historic Roman occasion our English philosopher is said to have exclaimed: "Moi aussi je suis un homme de génie."

II.—HIS WORK.

BY THOMAS SECCOMBE.

Anatole plainly was born a sensitive and a dilettante, but he was to be liberated from the anæmia which is too apt to arrest the pure artist, by his early appreciation and acceptance of the gospel of work—in his case the work of an artist. He went to Stanislas from his house by the *quais*, and every day he saw the streets, every day he saw the home. He was inquisitive to know the ins and outs of things, and everything he saw helped him to live and understand. To him everything had a soul. "There is nothing like a street to make a boy understand the working of the social machine. Let him see the milk-women, the water-carriers and coalmen on their morning rounds; let him take stock of the grocers, the butchers, and the wine merchants in their shops; and see a regiment passing down the street with its band playing; let him, in a word, sniff the air of the street, and he will feel that the law of labour is a divine law, and that everyone must perform his appointed task in this world of ours."

Anatole France.

From a caricature by Guitry in *Le Témoin.*

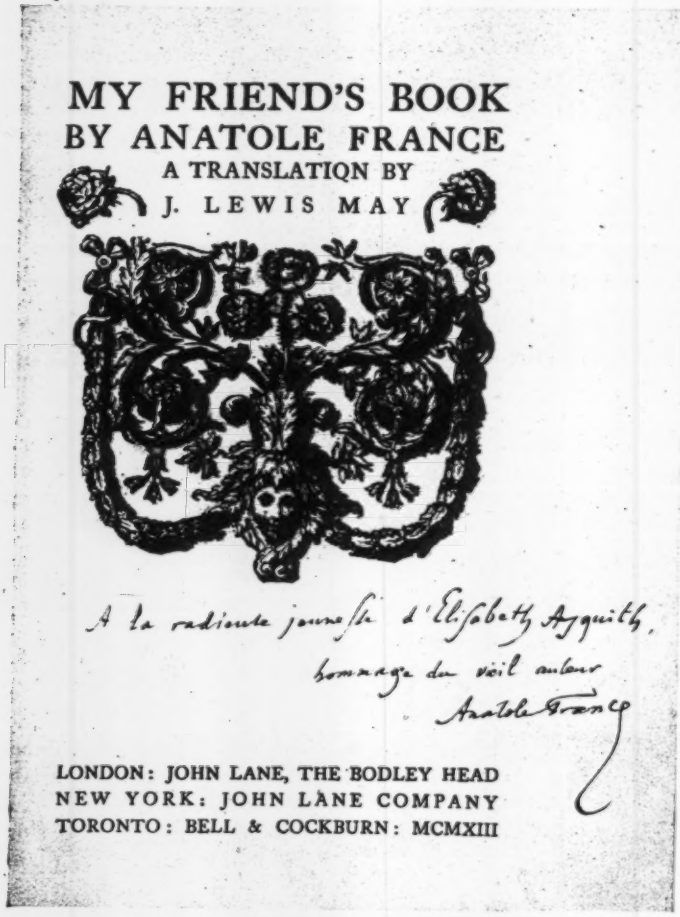
Born in a bookshop, as an even better known celebrity was born in a library, Anatole exhibits much more unequivocal traces of his origin than does "Dizzy." Fables were his first toys. The driest book on the top shelf of a chapter library has its secret open for him, and, like Washington Irving, he understands the little language of ancient yellow quartos, and can translate their confidences for the multitude to understand.

I can share, at any rate, his first bibliographical recollection—that of an early eighteenth-century Bible, with the Amsterdam landscapes of a Dutch artist and God in a long white beard. "How sincerely I believed in him, although, between ourselves, I considered him inclined to be whimsical, violent and wrathful; but I did not ask him to render an account of his actions. I was accustomed to see great personages behaving in an incomprehensible manner." He loves, even while he learns, the vanity of false, fleeting books, transient, remotely rare, lascivious volumes. Yet he is not a catholic reader. Like Gibbon, he has no use for German, and very little, it is to be feared, for English. But he has a deep attachment to Latin; loves phrases of Livy with ardour, and is inundated by the divinity of Homer; at the very first lesson he saw Thetis rising like a white cloud above the waves. Nor (in spite of "La Vie Litteraire") does he care greatly for modern books. You remember Charles Lamb throwing the presentation volumes of new poetry into Westwood's cabbages. So with Anatole. "I have no new books. I do not keep those which are sent me. I send them on to *a friend in the country*" (charming euphemism!).

He released a good many original ideas in the course of his reviewing work, achieved mostly in the 'seventies. A more personal reviewer was seldom known. He wanders into a new book as into an unknown forest on the Amazons, and tells you of his adventures, the sights, the sounds, the strange activities of unsuspected animal life. If he does not like a book or the tone of its writer, he condemns it summarily as *Hors la littérature.* His critique on Ohnet's "Volonté" is one of the most withering I know. It begins thus:

"Le titre du nouveau roman de M. Georges Ohnet contient beaucoup de sens en un seul mot.

"Ce titre est toute une philosophie, *Volonté*, voilà qui parle au cœur et à l'esprit! *Volonté par Georges Ohnet!* Comme on sent l'homme de principes qui n'a jamais douté! *Volonté par Georges Ohnet, soixante-*


MY FRIEND'S BOOK
BY ANATOLE FRANCE
A TRANSLATION BY
J. LEWIS MAY
A la radieuse jeunesse d'Elisabeth Asquith,
hommage du vieil auteur
Anatole France
LONDON: JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD
NEW YORK: JOHN LANE COMPANY
TORONTO: BELL & COCKBURN: MCMXIII

Autograph inscription to Miss Elizabeth Asquith, written by Anatole France in a copy of "My Friend's Book," on the occasion of his visit to 10, Downing St.

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treizième édition! Quelle preuve de la puissance de la volonté! Locke ne croyait pas que la volonté fut libre. Mais son *Essai sur l'entendement humain* n'avait pas soixante-treize éditions en une matinée. Voilà Locke victorieusement réfuté! La volonté n'est point une illusion, puisque M. Georges Ohnet a voulu avoir soixante-treize éditions, et qu'il les a eues. En verité, plus je relis ce titre, plus j'y trouve d'intérêt. C'est sans contredit la plus belle page qui soit sortie de la plume de M. Georges Ohnet. Le style en est sobre et ferme, la pensée heureuse, claire, profonde. *Volonté, par Georges Ohnet, soixante-treizième édition*, que cela est excellement pensé, que cela est bien écrit!

"J'avoue que le reste du livre m'a paru inférieur."

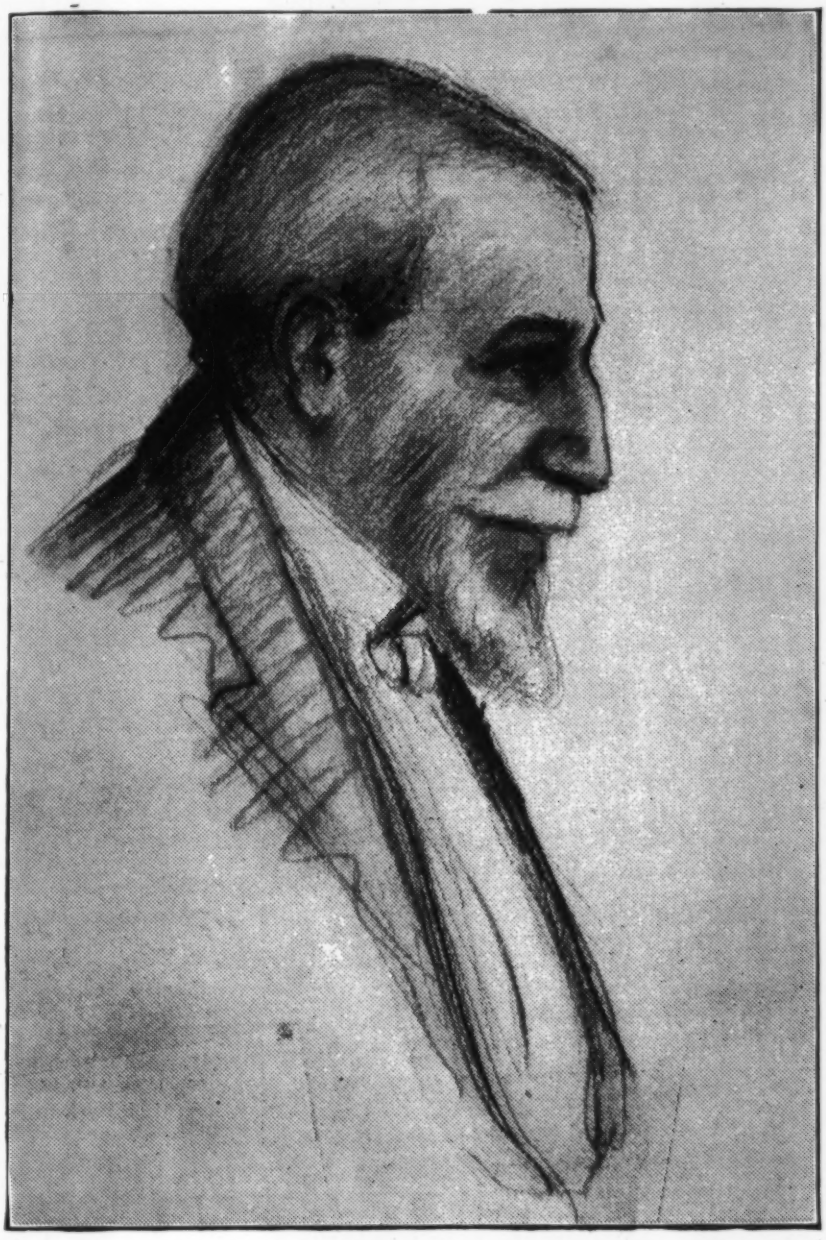
France was a brilliant collegian, but during the years when most young normaliens are flooding the world with their crudities, he nourished his faculty in solitude and unproductiveness—contemplative years, happy years of not going to press. He was acquiring erudition all this time, and storing the wallet of his memory with the entire contents of a mediæval curiosity shop. His intense love of rarities in this line made him refractory always, a rebel against set themes—as at college, so among the group of Parnassians clustered round Leconte de Lisle. He made his *début* as a writer in the late 'sixties by poems and prefaces, or *études*, on editions mainly of French classics, published by Lemerre. Some of these have been collected during the past year (1913) and published under the collective title of "Le Génie Latin," with an affable dedication to the publisher, the author's old friend Lemerre. The studies include Daphnis and Chloe, Queen of Navarre, Scarron, La Fontaine, Molière, Racine, Le Sage, Prévost, St. Pierre, X. de Maistre, Constant, Chateaubriand, and Ste. Beuve. One of the chief merits of this book, says Anatole, is that there is a total lack of references.

Charming innocence of heart, subtle penetration of brain—these are the two dominating ideals of Anatole, and he manages to combine them in the ironical *naïveté* which is the distinguishing characteristic of his style, just as uselessness (he tells us) is the distinguishing characteristic of all honours. Reading about these early days in the imperishable pages of the "Livre de Mon Ami," one would almost swear (what is assuredly the thing that is not, namely) that the author thereof was a precocious student of Laurence Sterne. His father's notion had been that he should be instructed in the habits of the animals he most nearly resembled, such as the dog, the elephant, and the monkey. His mother put in a plea for the study of the noble deeds of heroes. Whereupon Thibault senior intervenes in the precise vein of the discourse between "My Father" and "My Uncle Toby."

"I conceive," he said with a sigh, "that there are divers and conflicting ideas touching the nature of heroism, and that they vary according to the age, the place and the people. But that is of no importance. What does matter in an act of self-sacrifice is the sacrifice. Though the object for which we sacrifice our lives be an illusion, the sacrifice itself is none the less a reality; and this reality is the most splendid adornment our moral wretchedness can embellish itself withal." And Anatole illustrates this well in his own career. For, though he commonly treats the world with the amused contempt proper to a peripatetic philosopher, observing the mad vagaries of an ant-hill, yet when his deep feeling was aroused (as in the Dreyfus case and the Armenian persecution) he allowed no sense of artistic delicacy to prevent him from rushing into the hurly-burly, and at risk and sacrifice doing what he believed to be his plain duty. He soon found that he could not possibly subsist upon the aerial and poetic salary that so often falls to the lot of the publisher's reader, adviser, and casual editor. Still less could he subsist upon the proceeds of his early philosophical poems. In 1874 he entered the Senate Library as an assistant. But there, again, the accidents of administration brought him into conflict with the chief of the Parnassians (De Lisle). He hated a collar of any kind, and he soon relapsed into the licence of erudition and free-lance reviewing. He was steadily beginning to distil from the Hybla honey of his learning the peculiar kind of satirical embroidery in which he was to be *maitre*. "Jocaste et le Chat Maigre," his first two stories, issued in one volume by

Calmann Levy in 1879, and modelled on two of his particular admirations, Dickens and Maupassant, are unlike anything that followed; his later work is absolutely characteristic. Thus in 1881, 1882 and 1885 came respectively the three masterpieces of his early time, "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard, Membre de l'Institut"; 'Les Desirs de Jean Servein"; "Le Livre de Mon Ami," the product, all of them, of Anatole's favourite amalgam of memories and sighs, mocking auto-souvenirs with the eternal refrain of Irony, Pity, Pity, Irony. The charm of the past is irresistible to him, but he can never guarantee its truth, for what is History but the world's verdict? The weak are always in the wrong; that is the sum alike of History, Morality, Justice. Peace is found in ignorance alone; illusions are blissful—yet he cannot help probing them. Even in the story of Bonnard, who is a fairy like Mr. Pickwick, there are signs of the inveterate Ironist.

The fable is slight and even slightly conventional. The antiquary has been depicted often and with a fund of sympathy or of knowledge, as the case may be, leaving little to be desired. Dr. Casaubon serves as a counterpoise to the delightful figure of Monkbarns, while, between the two, the port-wine-loving Dr. Middleton symbolises a type of scholar which, in a countryman of the convivial Porson, it were unbefitting to ignore. Yet the portrait of M. Sylvestre Bonnard of the Quai Malaquais, Membre de l'Institut, is quite original and quite new, for it has nothing in common with any of these. The contrast between the solemn pedantry of this modern Dugdale, the self-critical wisdom of his soliloquies and the burden of pathetic lament (recalling once or twice a stray word of Herbert Spencer's) that forms an undertone to his reverie—the need of a young being to love, or a fresh young face to reflect and concentrate the beauty that he felt around him at each recurrence of springtide,—this supplies the light and shade of a picture abounding in delicacy and charm. The fondness of the complex for what is primitive and simple is vividly asserted in Bonnard. He succeeds at length in adopting the daughter of the woman he had loved years ago, and the fearful joys of manuscript-hunting and archæology are now overwhelmed by his prospect of becoming an adoptive grandfather. Jeanne is to be married to a rather promising young student of the Ecole des Chartes. "Her dowry," murmurs Sylvestre, "there it is in front of me. It is my library. Henri and Jeanne have not the faintest suspicion of my plan; and the fact is, I am commonly believed to be much richer than I am. I have the face of an old miser. It is certainly a lying face; but its untruthfulness has often won for me a great deal of consideration. There is nobody in the world so respected as a stingy rich man." He keeps to his resolve to sell his library, but he has not the heart to sell quite all of it. He determines to respite just a few of his folios, and the number of the reprieved shows a tendency to grow rapidly and mysteriously. The perpetration of this crime supplies the occasion of a typical auto-phantasy.



Anatole France.

From a drawing made by Miss Olive Snell at the Savoy Banquet, December 10th, 1913.
Lent by Mr. John Lane.

"Each time I come across a volume that has ever afflicted me with false dates, omissions, lies, and other plagues of the archæologist, I say to it with bitter joy: 'Go, impostor, traitor, and false witness—*vade retro.*'"

The ironic inclination of the author contemplating in the futility of scholarship the fragility of all human destiny, is qualified by his growing compassion for human wretchedness, the outcome mainly, he seems to think, of human pride. He enjoys feeling more even than apprehending. Truths discovered by the intelligence remain sterile. The heart alone is capable of fertilising its dreams. So he upholds sentiment against reflections, and he dwells with constant delight upon the vanity of intelligence, the inutility of science, and the incurable conceit of human reason. Ignorance is a necessary condition, not merely of happiness, but of existence. It is a fond delusion to suppose that scientific truth differs essentially from vulgar error. If we knew all truth we could not live our lives for an hour. Desire is another chief source of misery, but if we suffered not we should lack our highest education. Life is precious so long as we can suffer and love—saddened though it is by the fact that youth is placed at the wrong end. In this we are surpassed by the insects. If we moderns have lost charity along with hope and faith, we can at least strive to replace it by tenderness and kindness, and so pass this dream of life in loving. So we may escape it becoming an evil dream. Let us be simple of heart. Let us be men of good will and the divine peace will dwell within us.

Like Montaigne in his tower, but with the mellifluousness of a Renan, he meditates and meditates upon the cruel futilities and inexpugnable pride of men. His imagination seeks continually to paint sentiment, to vivify a reflection; to do this he brings into play his scholar's note-book, full of the most erudite pilferings, and constructs a colourable imitation of one of Voltaire's "Contes Philosophiques." Where it disresembles Voltaire, though, is in the immense amount of personal reflection which he invariably intercalates. He repeats and contradicts himself alike without embarrassment. Thought is troublesome, but it is also man's best friend, and it is in their garrets of to-day that the philosophers of to-morrow are building up a new age. As to history, inexhaustible as it is in delightful paradoxes and patterns, its six million volumes can, under painful necessity, be summed up in three words—Men were born, suffered, died. A *flaneur*, a dilettante, always mocking at the pitiful pomposity of the successful, the powerful, the potentates, and their farcical self-complacency, Anatole is remorseless in his discernment. The ascetics and puritans, too, he treats like dogs and makes faces at in short passages of a shameless familiarity (seldom absent from his books). In reality, however, he lacks passion, his ideas are predominant over his feelings, and his amorousness is generally of the Epicurean order.

Anatole puts himself into everything that he writes, and his confident expectation is that his readers will put themselves into what they read. During the next seven years he worked continuously at self-expression, atmosphere, order, style—above all, lucidity, the sovereign quality of French prose. Much of his energy was expended upon sketches, short ironies, and cynical persiflages. He loves to put his severest cynicisms into ingenuous mouths—dogs, cats, monks, tramps, artists, sophists, charlatans, mountebanks, poets, voluptuaries. The mediocrity and the bourgeois he passes by or uses as foil. But while he laughs he works. Where you are most conscious of ease and amusement, you may be sure that he has been with his compass, his file, his tuning fork, and his eraser. He will tolerate no cheap effects. "A very subtile man, a seeker, a questionist, a sceptick, and, I fear me, an atheist." Anatole's rarest quality among literary men is the progressive fineness of his art. His work has ripened, deepened, purified, concentrated. The "Histoire Contemporaine" (or Bergeret series) in four volumes, is finer than anything before, but it is not so fine as "Les Dieux ont Soif."

In one of his earliest fictions, "Jocaste," the story of a woman's remorse leading to her suicide by hanging herself, Anatole could not resist the pleasure of applying to his heroine the name of the Theban Jocasta, most celebrated of *pendues*. In his most complex "Histoire Contemporaine" (the Bergeret series) he christens the chief figure in his satirical romance, Lucien, after that singular contemporary of Marcus Aurelius and literary ancestor of Petronius and Apuleius, the Greek satirist Lucian. In his unvarying note of autobiography and casuistry, in his fondness for the dialect form, in his calm abstention from needless explanation, in his admirable blending of comedy and philosophy, and in the waywardness of his narrative, no less than in the finished art of his sophistry, by which the tedious portions of what he has to tell are, as if by magic, evaded, he is continually suggestive of the immortal mocker of the "Vera Historia." To him men of all ages are all very

Photo by Haines.

Anatole France leaving No. 10, Downing Street, on the 11th December, 1913.

Mr. John Lane Anatole France. Lady Barclay. Miss Winifred Stephens.

Anatole France in his Study.

From amateur photographs kindly lent by Miss Winifred Stephens.

much the same, and never what they seem. Truth, Fate, the Future, are, perhaps, the three most terrible bogies that menace the contentment of man. Fourteen years ago I translated M. Bergeret's caustic remarks on Truth, and they still seem to sum up one of the most salient angles of the Anatolean philosophy. "Truth does not prevail; on the contrary, it generally perishes obscurely under public contumely and insult. Reflect that truth has many evident points of inferiority as compared with the lie, which must eventually cause truth to disappear. The lie, for instance, is multiple, and truth has against it numbers. This is not its only defect. Truth is inert. It is not susceptible to modulation. It does not lend itself readily to combinations which might enable it without overmuch difficulty to enter into the intelligence or the emotions and passions of men. The lie, on the other hand, has marvellous resource. It is ductile, it is plastic. More than this, it is natural, and even moral, inasmuch as it corresponds with the habits of man, who has based his ideas of good and evil upon the most holy and the most absurd of lies. The lie, therefore, becomes the principle of virtue and beauty in man . . . and a few simple lies will for ages to come continue to gild millions of existences."

The drift of the parody that follows is too plain to need explanation: it is absolutely Anatolean. The Dog's Prayer: "O Bergeret, my master, god of carnage, I adore thee! Praised be thou when thou art terrible, praised when thou art gracious! I crawl to thy feet, I lick thy hands. Great art thou, and beautiful when seated at thy spread table, thou devourest quantities of food. Great art thou and beautiful when, bringing forth fire from a little chip of wood, thou changest night into day. Keep me, I pray thee, in thy house, and keep out every other dog!"

In "The Gods Athirst" (perhaps the most scathing of his works) Anatole treats the French Revolution in the same bantering and incredulous manner in which he treats Nationalism in the Bergeret books, and early Christianity in the "White Stone," "Thais," "The Procurator of Judæa," and other stories. He loved a period characterised by high ideals, which he can show by his method to be at best but pathetic illusions. He likes, as do many of us, to transport himself into the thick of a revolutionary epoch, and then to imagine how he would have behaved, and what he would have said. Had he been English he would have introduced himself as a cynic philosopher under strict restraint on board of one of the old Dreadnoughts; for there is nothing he likes undermining more than the heroic fallacy. This makes his work enervating at times, and it is difficult to find in his philosophy a place for heroes such as we imagine to be men like Nelson, Stonewall Jackson, Captain Scott, and Lord Roberts. It was this defect, I suppose, which made Andrew Lang and Mark Twain so angry with his presentation of the Maid of Orleans. His tendency to confuse substances (as where he compares the wife of his bosom with a Lexicon) gave them a handle against him. But he was always inclined to mix up truth and fiction. His incident is borrowed on a large scale, not only from history, memoir, and biography, but also from fable, legend, and mythology such as that of Dickens. His brain contains numberless volumes of the "curiosities of literature," but he never uses them like a pawnbroker. He is always the connoisseur and the interpreter. There are, however, some dangers implicit in this practice. They were not undiscerned by Anatole himself; but they betrayed him in "Jeanne d'Arc," à propos of the first edition of which Andrew pointed out how strangely illusive many of Anatole's references were. Strange destiny which brought two of the cunningest prose-writers of their day, and both chevaliers, too, of their respective philosophies, into active collision! The two writers resemble each other in still one other respect: they repeat themselves largely without scruple.

But, although he will not allow heroism or devoted self-sacrifice much of a show in his philosophy, Anatole was quite ready, at need, to practise the abnegation which he decried. Brandès points out this with admirable decision in his masterly epitome.* Artistically (no less than alphabetically) Anatole had the least possible sympathy with Zola. He called "La Terre"

* G. Brandès' "Anatole France," in Heinemann's Contemporary Lives Series. 1s. 6d. net.

the fifth Georgic—the Georgic of filth. He laughed consumedly at the spectacle of Zola's disciples mocking him as Ham mocked Noah. "His work is evil," he wrote. "He is one of those unhappy beings of whom it can be said that it would have been better had he never been born." Zola was, perhaps, one of the coarsest men since Luther; but he was also one of the bravest. When Zola, at the imminent risk of the loss of his material possessions, stood up for Dreyfus, Anatole rallied to him. Upon Zola's death, he emerged from the shrinking ranks of the *literati*, and enunciated a noble panegyric.

He is equally brave in denouncing cruelty, land-hunger, colonial war, religious persecution, and racial animosity the whole world over. While he regards human beings as being very much alike, the same pitiable and incorrigible creatures in every age, climate and condition of culture he objects, most of all, to their ludicrous pomposity, and to that pride which manifests itself in the cruelty with which they persecute and torment each other for imperceptible differences of opinion. His affinity with Montaigne, Spinoza, and Heine on some of these lines is suggestive of a Hebrew strain in Anatole; but he has much in common, too, with Diderot, Sterne, Voltaire, and other eighteenth-century performers on the *conte philosophique*. We have only one satirist at all to match him, our greatest—Dean Swift; but Swift hates men as men. He detests humanity; whereas Anatole emphatically does not. Of the creative power and masculine force of Swift, the Frenchman, I think, has little. His genius has more of a feminine cast. He is less an inventor, an *instaurator*, a creator, than a grafter, an imitator, an adapter, and his pre-eminence, as he himself would probably admit, is first and foremost a question of style.

His form, which some have questioned, seems to me almost immaculate. It is essentially Lucianic, a catholic variation of the dialogue, of which our best modern sophists such as Bernard Shaw, George Moore, and Lowes Dickenson are themselves in turn ingenious adapters. He philosophises, it seems, in the form of the earliest prose fictions, those of the Greeks of Alexandria, managing at the same time to give his narrative as much as possible of a modern *variété*, or topical *révue*. But it is his style, when all is said, which makes his thought valid. His style is, indeed, a liberal education which makes sceptics of us all, whether we will or no. And it is noteworthy that the two English writers (Stevenson and Hardy) who have given the minutest attention, and the severest labour to the potentiality of phrase, have resembled him most nearly in this respect. The placid beauty of his prose maintains a rare quality of elevation among his books; it is impossible to point to any single one of them or even to any small group, as transcending in merit the rank and file of his production.

Books are a devouring flood. We become librarians, all of us, and that will end everything. So France has told us. Yet he has worked prodigiously at books. Novels: "Sylvestre Bonnard," 1881, and "The Red Lily,' 1894 (the two most conventional, but certainly not least delightful of his books); "Thaïs," 1890, in the opinion of many the finest of all his novels.

Satires: "Histoire 'Contemporaine,' 1897–1901, et 'Comique,'" 1903; the "Isle of Penguins," 1908.

Sketches, Contes, Dialogues: "The White Stone," 1905; "Etui de Nacre," 1892; "Puits de Sainte Clare," 1897; "Balthasar," 1889; "Crainquebille," 1901; "Les Sept Femmes de Barbe-Bleue," 1909.

Maxims: "Jardin d'Epicure," 1895; "Opinions de J. Coignard," "Rotisserie," 1893; "Tournebroche," 1908.

Notes on Autobiography and Comment: "Désirs de Jean Servien," 1882; "Livre de Mon Ami," 1885; "Pierre Nozière," 1899.

Then there are fairy stories, introductions, speeches. What an output!

A translation of such a very delicate and idiomatic writer as Anatole France into English was a big conception. It has been carried out with an enthusiasm which will be its own reward. The inauguration of the scheme is due to Frederic Chapman, who belongs to the order once adorned by Anatole himself—that of publisher's reader. The performance, which now runs to well-nigh a score of handsome volumes, has certainly attained a high level. So far as I have perused the volumes (and I have to thank Mr. Lane for his generosity in putting the half-dozen I selected promptly at my disposal) I give the palm to Mr. May's translation of "My Friend's Book."

ANATOLE FRANCE—AN ARTIST-PHOTOGRAPHER'S IMPRESSIONS.

By Alvin Langdon Coburn.

LITERARY London was excited beyond its usual habit, there was a thrill of expectation in each greeting of friends. "Have you heard that Anatole France is coming over?" they said one to another; and being of a naturally enthusiastic disposition, possessing an unquenchable desire to photograph the eminent men of art and letters of to-day, and adding to this my appreciation of this great author's work, it took no more than the hint of his arrival to fill me with the desire to portray him. In this frame of mind I hied me to Mr. John Lane, with the result that I was invited to the dinner in France's honour, and given hopes of a sitting.

What a very memorable banquet it was, and what a striking figure the guest of the evening presented as he sat beside Lord Redesdale, the chairman. He did not seem in the least nervous or especially interested as he looked over his menu, or exchanged a word now and then with his neighbour. From where I sat, within a few yards of him, I was able to study him carefully, and this admirably suited my purpose.

I should say that Anatole France is not a man who cares much for banquets, honours, or the appreciation of the general public; that he gets these things showered upon him is the irony of fate which always bestows her favours lavishly where they are least wanted, and is

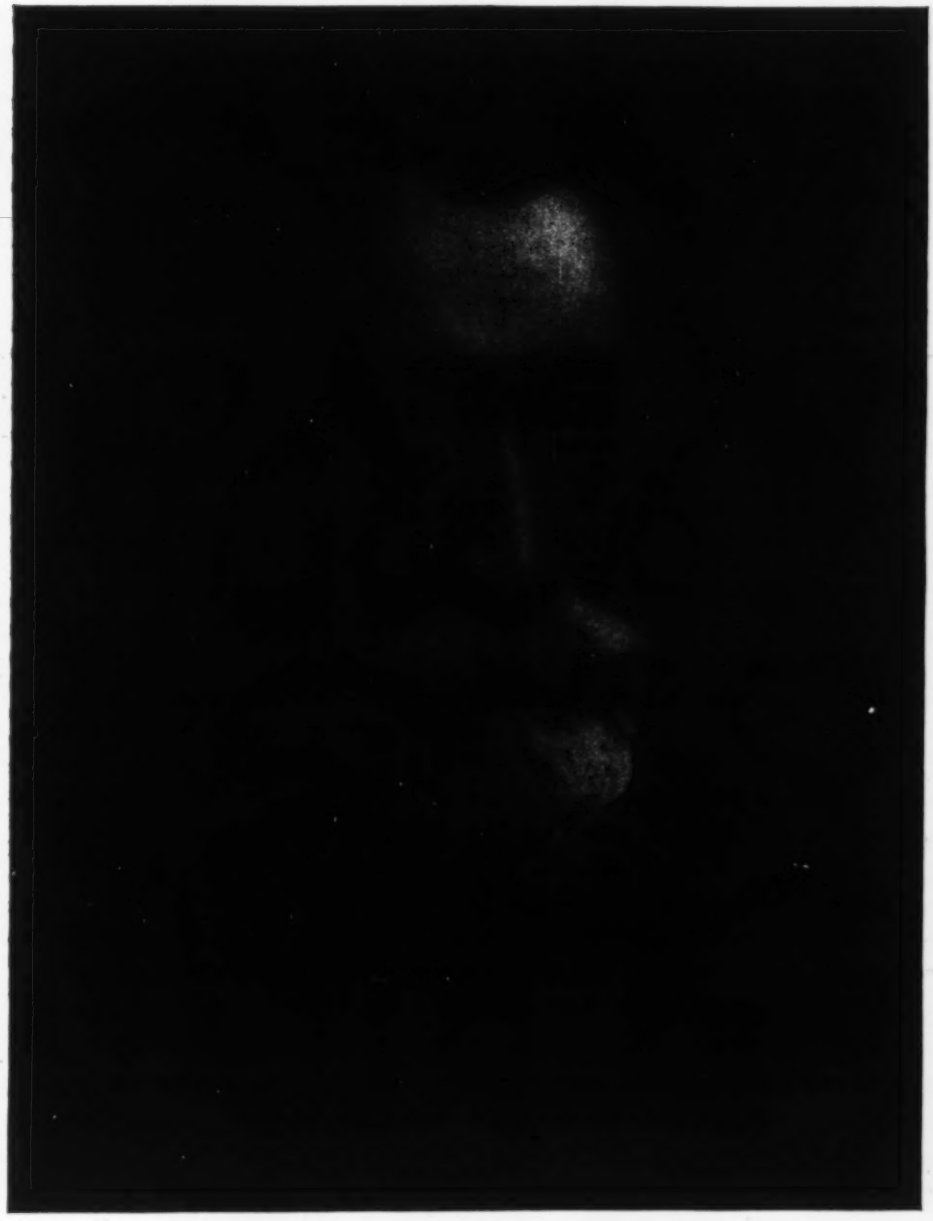


Photo by Alvin Langdon Coburn.

Anatole France.

particularly eager to bestow them upon a person whose reputation is too firmly established to need such things. From his writings I judged him to be rather a student and dreamer than a man to whom the adulation of the world greatly appealed, and when I saw the man himself seated there at the head of the table, at that great gathering, I felt that I had been right.

Let me see if I can describe him to you. I should not say that he was a tall man, and yet his dignity of presence makes him seem of more than average height. When he sits there is, just about the shoulders, the suggestion of the student who has bent for a lifetime over books. He is no longer a young man, for his hair and beard are white, yet one would not call him old; there is something in the penetrating eyes that would make it impossible to do that. His nose is long and straight, and the beard emphasises the length of his face. In a word, France is a man you would not pass in the street without wondering who the distinguished foreigner might be.

So he sat as the guest of honour at that dinner at the Savoy, with its gathering of eminent people, looking out of his quiet eyes as if hardly conscious of his surroundings. But when he rose to speak one knew why, for he had been dreaming, he said. But if it had been a dream it was too flattering for him to wish to awaken, and he modestly went on to say that now he realised why he had been invited to this gathering—it was because he was a symbol, a representative of French literature to England, the home of the novel.

The speech was of just the right length, and in delivering it France became as a man transformed; he hardly seemed the same person; he raised his hand in gestures that only a Frenchman could make, they were at once so expressive and so elegant; and he sat down amid a storm of applause, for it was apparent to all that within this calm exterior there burned a fire of human enthusiasm for the good of the world.

Then came the reception, in which France, with the courtesy of his nation, kissed the hands of fair ladies, and wrote innumerable autographs on fans and menus. But all the while he seemed to be still dreaming the closing lines of his speech—that great dream of all deep-thinking men: International Peace.

It was due to Mr. Lane that I was able at his home to make the photographic portrait which accompanies this impression. It was a dark day, and my studio was a landing on the staircase which Mrs. Lane very kindly placed at my disposal. But I knew exactly what I wanted, and I think you will agree that I have ensnared something of the man in the sensitive gelatine of my photographic film.

How interesting it is to live in London! someone has said, and the idea has imbedded itself in my memory that, if you wait long enough, all the interesting people in the world will pass through the portals of Charing Cross. Not long ago we had Dr. Georges Brandés, whose charming little volume on Anatole France begins: "The true author is recognisable by the existence on every page of his works of at least one sentence or one phrase which none but he could have written," and ends: "It has shown them that behind the author there dwelt a man—behind the great author a brave man." The book is published by Heinemann, and what a vivacious little book it is, with such a discriminating quotation of passages that you are driven irresistibly to read every word that Anatole France has written.

And how different are these two who have come to us through the magic portals of Charing Cross within such a short time of ane another! Brandés, the critic, who lives his life in the world, to whom life in all its diversity constantly appeals, and who will not even have a secretary, because he will therefore lose touch with some of life's directness; and, on the other hand, France, who lives secluded in his own mind, even at a great dinner party in his honour, to whom the world is merely a glorious idea, and mankind a brotherhood.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

FEBRUARY, 1914.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV., and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original Lyric.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best twenty-five lines of verse tersely re-telling the story of any recent novel.

IV.—A PRIZE of HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names ot Authors and Publishers at head of their reviews.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best lyric is awarded to Mrs. Stephen Parker, of 12, Fontayne Street, Goole, Yorkshire, for the following:

MARKET NIGHT.

All in the midst of the market noise,
The laughing girls and the jostling boys,
The gray old wives at their apple-stalls,
The poor, wan women under their shawls,
Whilst the flaring naphtha dripped away,
A man with a pipe began to play.

He played the storm and the bitter wind,
He played the flight with the foe behind,
The black disgrace of the eldest son,
The death of the dearest, the littlest one,
The lover lost, the treacherous friend,
The long dark way to the cruel end.

The boys and the girls stood, half in fright
(Was ever so dreary a market-night?),
The fathers' and mothers' heads hung low
(How came the Piper the tale to know?),
Silent they stood, when the tune was o'er,
Till the man began to play once more.

He played the sunshine after the rain,
The spring returning to earth again.
The water drawn from the hidden spring,
The dawn of love, and the marriage ring,
The baby laid on the mother's breast,
The joy of life, and its end in rest.

Soft, and more softly, the last notes fell,
And the young ones murmured, "How can he tell?"
The fathers and mothers whispered low,
"Who can have told him? How can he know?" . . .
And all the rest of that market-night
Was Paradise—lit by naphtha light!

We also select for printing:

HOPE.

I can climb still, though sometimes lame and slow,
So slow I seem to creep.
I can bear still my burden as I go—
You know the way is steep.

I can hope still, and hoping seek to press
Beyond the narrow bourne
That bounds my little life with loneliness—
You know the loss I mourn.

I can love still, and calmly strive to think
My sorrows into sleep.
We may meet yet upon the bitter brink—
You know my love is deep.

(Edward H. Kenney, Junior, 21, Alleyn Park, Dulwich.)

BRAMBLECOMBE FAIR.

As I was a-trotting to Bramblecombe fair,
I spied a dark maid what was combing her hair;
"My sweet pretty honey, come down to the door,
And ride on the pillion while I ride before."

I smiled at my bright bird, and she winked at me—
"Sweet Sir, I do thank 'ee, but I be not free;
My mammy is near me, she's girt and she's strong;
I pray 'ee, don't loiter, but gallop along!"

So I went a-trotting to Bramblecombe fair,
Jog-joggety merrily through the sweet air;
Wi' feasting, wi' singing, wi' joy of all kind,
Why, dang 'ee, the maiden slipped out of my mind!

(Dab-Chick, 22, Cavendish Road, Brondesbury, N.W.)

TRIOLET.

When my little Baby came,
Winter winds were blowing,
But my heart was all a-flame
When my little Baby came,
With a love that put to shame
Sullen skies a-snowing!
When my little Baby came
Winter winds were blowing.

If my little Baby knows
Lovely summer weather,
Song of bird and scent of rose
If my little Baby knows—
Will he feel how my heart glows
When we are together?
If my little Baby knows
Lovely summer weather?

(Irene Wintle, 31, Walton Park, Liverpool.)

We also specially commend the lyrics sent in by Stanley Brook (York), "A. Gabriel St. Fillan" (Edinburgh), Elijah Summers (Dukinfield, Cheshire), Gwyn Elton (High Barnet), J. J. Geake (Guildford), John Heys (South Shields), Arthur C. Hay (Keith), Frank Noble Wood (Hull), Alexander R. C. Eaton (Forest Gate, E.), M. E. Robinson (Fleet), Miss C. Ransom (Torquay), Herbert B. Dawel (Birkdale), Ellen M. Schonberg (Northwood), Miss E. M. Stove (Falmouth), G. W. Turner (Burnley), Harrison Kent (Ludlow), Mrs. D. Sutherland (Wick), Dorothy M. Bunn (Hull), Mrs. G. Reece (Cardiff), Violet Thelma Avis (Waltham Abbey), Maud Straker (Epsom), Elsie D. Armour (Liverpool), Rev. F. K. Berry (Barrow-in-Furness), Florence Andrews (Maidenhead), A. W. Jay (Devonport), Margaret Rey (Bournemouth), J. A. Langlon (Leeds), R. W. King (Catford Hill, S.E.), Gladys J. Horne (Northampton), H. S. French (Clapham Common, S.W.), R. Moffat Berry (Hampstead, N.W.), Mrs. St. Leger B. (Rustington, Sussex), Mrs. Nevill Heard (Swanage), Owen H. Carsinal (Sheffield), Ivy L. Carr (Leamington Spa), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), Gwladys A. Charles-Jones (Carnarvon), Arthur S. Wilshere (Dalston, N.E.), J. J. Macdonald (Comrie), Dorothy M. Rawcliffe (Haigh, Wigan), Russell Green (Sheffield), Lilian Gillespie (Ventnor), Marguerite E. M. Steen (Grange-over-Sands), W. S. Chesterfield (London, W.), William Johnson (Harrogate), Adelaide Addenbrooke (Gravesend), Robin Ian Jardine (Glasgow, W.), Ethel Talbot (Murrayfield), Mrs. W. J. Macnamara (Dublin), Grace E. Armstrong (Muswell Hill, N.), Arthur Powell (Stratford, Conn., U.S.A.), John Thompson (Bournemouth), Marie C. Lufkin (Parkstone), David Boland (Glasgow, W.), T. E. Sabine-Pasley

From a drawing by F. T. Dalton.
Lent by Mr. John Lane.

(London, W.C.), Hilda K. Taylor (Great Crosby), D. J. Darlow (Chippenham), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall, Cheshire), Edna Lake (Didsbury), W. T. Brocklebank (Darlington), "John Harriott" (Highgate, N.), A. D. H. Allan (Wimborne), "Dal Cuore" (London, E.), Alice Scott (Sydenham), J. Wesley Honeline (Shenfield), R. B. Ince (Jarvis Brook), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), S. B. Irene Bell (London, W.C.), Helen Hoyt (Chicago), Mona Douglas (Birkenhead), Judith Beamsley (Bradford), Crawford Neil (Dublin), Nora E. Cressall (British Guiana), W. V. J. K. (Derby), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Clarence F. Carr (Weymouth), M. F. Watson (Maidstone), Elsie S. Mead (Burnley), H. M. Barrow (Hastings), Edwin Plummer (Swadlincote), R. E. Taylor (Gironcha, India), C. E. Dell (Vancouver), Francis A. Monks (Halifax), E. Dykes (Birmingham), E. Jotham (Port St. Mary), M. D. B. (Ascot), May Cooper (Sevenoaks), John F. X. Cannon (Philadelphia), Mary Wayman (Dorset), Julia Rose Carling (Plymouth), Mabel Malet (Hull), C. G. Howard (Wimbledon), T. W. J. (Woodford), Bessie Hawkins (Bath), Albert H. Candler (Worcester), S. H. Jhabvala (Bombay), J. D. Macbeth (Glasgow), Robert Burnell (Ashford), A. M. Northwood (Harrogate), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), A. Barfield (Parson's Green), Fredk. J. Mathias (Cardiff), Mrs. M. C. Turner (Betchworth), Edith R. Leatham (Durham), D. M. Howard (Brockham Green), Jas. Scobbie (Glasgow), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), James M. McAlpin (Wishaw), Dan Boyes (Enfield), A. C. Laughton (Wakefield), H. A. C. Blacker (Cambridge), Dorothy G. Gibbings (Clapton), J. P. Gross (Kenilly), Marcella Whitaker (Dewsbury), P. J. Frawley (Coventry), Hector Macaulay (Thurso), Winifred J. Grout (Folkestone), H. C. Williamson (Galashiels), Marjorie Winifred Crosbie (Herne Bay), Jessie Cavey (Chiswick), W. Siebenhaar (Perth, W. Australia), A. P. Parker (Chichester), E. J. Martin (Dewsbury), Hylda C. Cole (Glasgow), F. J. Popham (Annan), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), G. C. Andrews (Charlotte, N.C., U.S.A.), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Mrs. M. E. George (Lewes), L. H. Stuckey (Taunton), Olivia Turpin (Birkdale), F. C. Witney (Wimbledon), Margaret Dunn (Hammersmith), Jas. C. Peterson (Fife), Lizzie Sinfield (Ashbourne), Harold Horton (Manchester), Chas. Courny (Sheffield), Mrs. J. Ford (Oxford), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), J. Isaacs (Hackney), Alonzo J. Freeland (Kilworth), J. D. I. Waugh (Toddington), Sec. (Glasgow), S. Simpson (Birkenhead), E. A. Kerston (Thornton Heath), Barbara B. Friend (Sheffield), E. A. Potter (Birmingham), M. A. P. Price (Aston), Jocelyn Ierne Ormsby (Pontypridd), Kathleen A. Foley (Salisbury), S. T. McCabe (Patricroft), M. S. (Chesterfield), Andrew J. Caird (Edinburgh), Archibald Jackson (Newcastle-on-Tyne), W. Holmden (Ilfracombe), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Adele S. Flinn (Didsbury), Florence Bagster (Kendal), Robert Veitch (Penicuik), A. H. Hughes (Glasgow), Frances Helen Jackson (Lincoln), Rev. E. C. Lansdown (Birmingham), E. M. Ayre (Cardiff), A. S. Barnard (Walsall), A. R. C. Westlake (Hampstead), T. M. Tweedale (Birkdale), Eveline E. Ife (Plumstead Common), A. Ellerton (Forest Hill), O. H. R. Layton (Westgate), W. C. Wilson (Luton), Mary M. Wilshire (London, S.E.), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), Frances Corley (Fulham), Mrs. A. E. M. Baker (Kilburn), Frank Brebner (Edinburgh), T. Law (Holytown), Enoch Daniels (Newcastle), Dorothy Plimpton (London, S.W.), Arbel M. Aldous (Hendon), Margot Balfour (London, W.), G. A. MacKinlay (Perth), A. C. Clarke (High Wycombe), S. E. Fenter (Birmingham), Doris Dean (Bromley), A. R. O'Connor (Birmingham), B. G. Brooks (Ilford), H. R. Smith (Newcastle), and Robert White, Jun., (Edinburgh).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. W. Arthur Cooper, of Tettenhall College, Staffs., for the following:

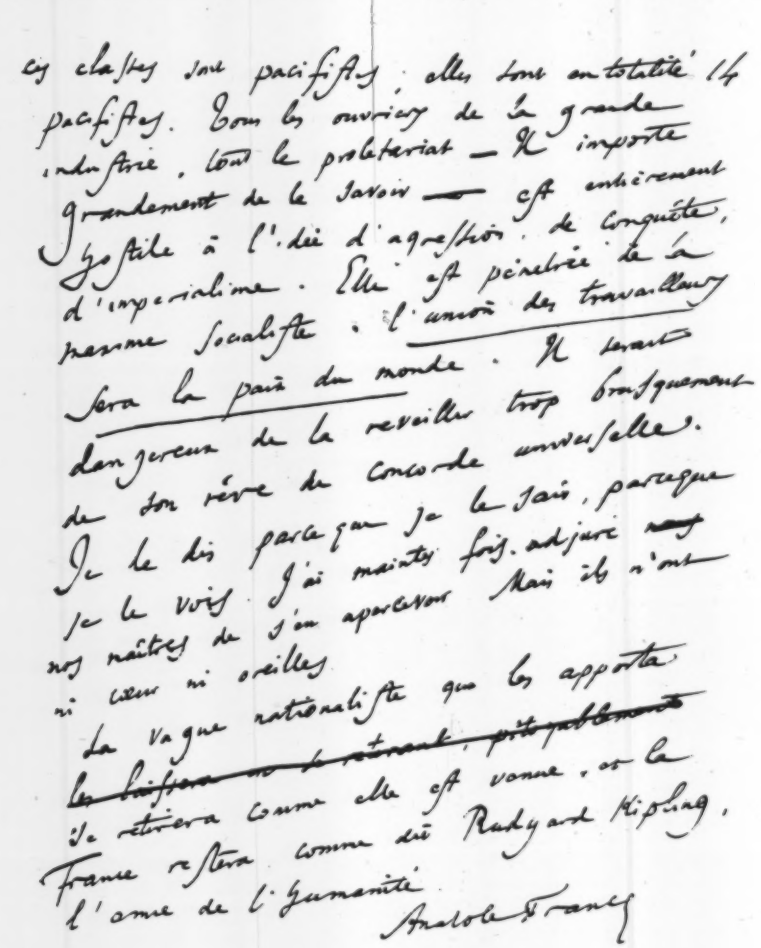
LOVE AND A TITLE.
BY HERBERT FLOWERDEW. (Greening.)
"I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more."
LOVELACE, "*To Lucasta, on going to the Wars.*"

We also select for printing:

THE DEVIL IN LONDON.
BY GEORGE R. SIMS. (Stanley Paul.)
"There's no place like home."
J. HOWARD PAYNE, *Home, Sweet Home.*
(Charles Powell, 290, Oxford Road, Manchester.)

A GREAT MYSTERY SOLVED.
BY GILLAN VASE. (Sampson Low.)
"Poor old Buffer! he's certainly dead!"
HOOD, *Ingoldsby Legends.*
(Miss H. M. Winter, Casa Esperanza, Babbacombe Road, Torquay.)

LOVE AND A TITLE.
BY HERBERT FLOWERDEW. (Greening.)
"The delicate question, Which . . . ?"
W. S. GILBERT, *Wreck of the "Nancy Bell."*
(Ernest A. Carr, Lyndall, Park Crescent, Tonbridge.)



Last page of manuscript of Anatole France's article on Peace.

The MS. of this article, which was published in *The English Review*, belongs to Miss Winifred Stephens with whose permission the above reduced facsimile is produced.

AN OLD MAID'S LOVE. By MAARTEN MAARTENS. (Constable.)
"I love little Pussy." *Old Nursery Rhyme.*
(Mrs. Hannah Cooper, 5, Lorton Street, Cockermouth.)

LADY DOROTHY'S INDISCRETION. By ARTHUR APPLIN. (Ward, Lock.)
"I blush to say I've winked at him." W. S. GILBERT, *Gentle Alice Brown.*
(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, West Smethwick, Birmingham.)

THE VISION SPLENDID. By D. K. BROSTER and G. W. TAYLOR. (Murray.)
"'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was green." KIPLING (*Ma-dalay*).
(E. D. Ward, The Crossways, South Croydon.)

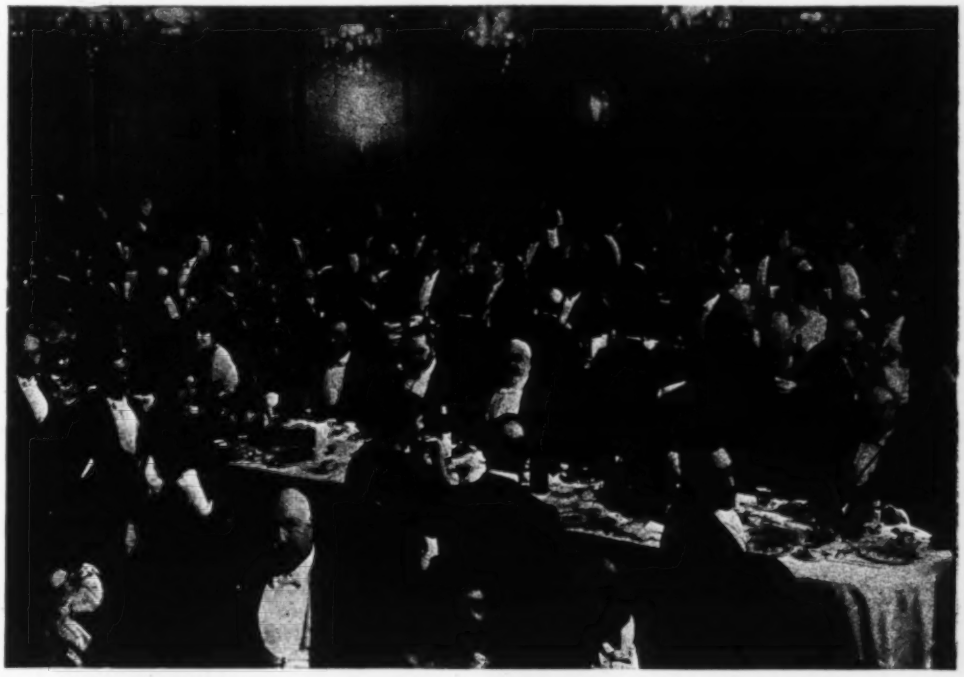


Photo by Fradelle & Young.

The Banquet to Anatole France at the Savoy Hotel, 10th December, 1913.

III.—The PRIZE for the best letter of advice in not more than a hundred-and-fifty words to a Would-be Novelist from the General Reader would have been divided, but the letter from Mr. Eric Leadbetter (Brondesbury) running to over four hundred words, the PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is awarded to Mrs. J. O. Arnold, of Beech Hill Road, Sheffield, for the following:

LETTER OF ADVICE.

FROM THE GENERAL READER TO A WOULD-BE NOVELIST.

Just "these few precepts in thy memory": Keep some of the old ideals, don't consign them all to the scrap-heap! Be careful not to mistake slang for humour, and do be sparing with the sugar! As to style, try to hit a happy medium between Dr. Johnson and a penny dreadful. Avoid both Propaganda and a Purpose; remember, too, that the sex-problem novel has grown stale, and the theological one tiresome. Don't be too lengthy, and don't pad—both lead to boredom. But the Great Essential is a Happy Ending—split infinitives may be forgiven, superfluous adjectives overlooked, even the long arm of coincidence ignored, but the Sad Finish is the one unpardonable sin. Lastly, there is, of course, a royal road to phenomenal sales by way of the Censor—but it has its risks!

Anatole France.

Bust by Lavergne.
From "Anatole France" by George Brandés. *Contemporary Men of Letters series.* (Heinemann).

We accept no responsibility for Mrs. Arnold's advice, though we are prepared to endorse some of it. Nearly all the competitors say they are tired of sex problems, and want, above all, an interesting story with a happy ending. The best of the other letters received are from Rev. R. E. Mansfield (Radcliffe), Alexander R. C. Eaton (Forest Gate), D. J. Darton (Chippenham), John Carlton (Finsbury Park), S. A. Thorp (Eltham), R. B. Ince (Jarvis Brook), Miss M. M. Westcott (Richmond), Winifred Marsden (Westlock), C. R. L. Hall (Newport), Miss S. M. Isaacson (Campden Hill), Miss Lydia Dean (Alwyne), Miss C. E. Treehurst (Cheltenham), E. S. Heron (Chester), G. M. Northcott (Birkenhead), Winifred N. Rich (Battersea Park), W. S. Chesterfield (London, W.), Marie Russell Brown (Glasgow), Miss E. J. M. Kirton (Kingstown), George Whitfield (Liverpool), J. D. I. Waugh (Toddington), W. C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), S. Hunter (Chesterfield), B. M. Glantoff (Clapham), A. H. Glantoff (Clapham), G. M. Fife (Edinburgh).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words is awarded to Mr. Percy J. Harris of 48, St. Nicholas Street, Coventry, for the following:

CONTINUITY. By SIR OLIVER LODGE.

This book contains the complete presidential address delivered to the British Association in September last, together with a supplement containing explanations in popular terms of the

various scientific and philosophical questions referred to in the speech. The author discusses the problem of the Ether of Space, and concludes that, though it eludes the laboratory grasp of the scientist, it must be a concretely real, physical agent, the supreme engine of continuity. He believes that the methods of scientific research are applicable to the study of the psychical region, and hopes to attain gradually to some understanding of the nature of the existence "across the chasm."

We also select for printing:

CUPID GOES NORTH. By MARTIN SWAYNE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Cupid goes North" is pure fooling—utterly impossible, but none the less delightfully funny. One may read it to oneself and laugh aloud. The characters are real enough, flesh and blood individuality in a fantastic world. The attraction of the *ingénue* for one type, and her power of irritation for another, contrasted with the fascination of the woman with her wits about her, is admirable. The men are absurd men, but it is all absurd and charming—especially the love-making.

(W. M. Lodge, 7, Gatestone Road, Upper Norwood.)

THE MILKY WAY. By F. TENNYSON JESSE. (Heinemann.)

The sub-title of "The Milky Way" should be "A New Arabian Night," for it tells of such adventures as are not met with ever in real life. The heroine, apparently penniless, manages to career through the story, meeting the most extraordinary people, doing the most unlikely things, at the most improbable places, and, on the whole, having a most enjoyable time. Coincidence, of course, plays a large part in the tale, whose chief merit lies in its originality and its excellent descriptions of people, places and scenery; apart from these, the book will serve but to amuse.

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

THE SPLENDID WAYFARING. By HALDANE MACFALL. (Simpkin Marshall.)

This beautiful book by a splendid wayfarer is the fruit of twenty years' hard thinking on the vital question that confronts artist, critic, and man in the street,—what is Art? Some of these chapters appeared in "The Academy" and "The English Review." In their final form, enriched by illustrations from the author, Gordon Craig and others, they will be re-read by all who think and feel deeply. The false gods of yesterday and to-day—"Art is Beauty," "Art for Art's Sake," "Isms,"—are here dethroned. The book is admirable in concept, lucid in structure, convincing in its truth.

(H. Lonsdale, Dawna, The Ridgway, Sutton, Surrey.)

We specially commend the reviews sent in by Percy J. Harris (Coventry), Miss F. S. Alexander (Stoke Newington), Lucy G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), M. Blacklee (Barrow-in-Furness), Miss C. Ransom (Torquay), J. Harold Muir (Glasgow, W.), A. B. Longbottom (Derby), Mary Kingdom (Montreal), Gertrude M. Elwood (Grimsby), Edward C. Luin (Stoke Newington), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Mary J. F. Bittleston (Tilford, Surrey), Rev. R. E. Mansfield (Radcliffe, Lancs.), A. E. H. Tucker (Campden Hill, W.), Mlle. M. Biousse (Nottingham), Ethel Talbot (Murrayfield, Edinburgh), Rose Jessop (Nottingham), Mrs. W. L. Saunt (Kensington, W.), Marguerite E. M. Steen (Grange-over-Sands), Marie Russell Brown (Glasgow), John F. Leeming (Buxton), Miss I. Swinscon (Wadhurst), S. Hunter (Chesterfield), W. Graham (Ilkley), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Miss E. Webster (Bristol), Mrs. S. K. Vesey (Glenfarg), Miss H. M. Barrow (Hastings), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), E. W. Priest (Norwich), Pamela Mary Hinkson (Shankhill, Co. Dublin), Marcella Whitaker (Dewsbury), G. B. Mountford (Eastbourne), Norman Birkett (Birmingham), Frances J. Byrne (Dunedin), William F. Robinson (Hinton, Cambridge), L. H. Cooke (Heaton Moor, Lancs.), Miss S. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), L. Welby, (Shanklin), and Miss D. E. Robinson, (Wilmslow).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mr. John F. X. Cannons of 1246, N. Front Street, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.

New Books.

ARTHUR SYMONS' POEMS.*

These hundred and sixty pages contain a very remarkable variety of poems, half of them original, the other half translated from Paul Verlaine and Catullus, with a few from André Chénier and Villon. The same tranquil, patient, and loyal art has been spent on both. In the translations, for example, Mr. Symons has sacrificed himself, as many lesser men have not done, to producing, not a kindred effect in his own language, but something that shall suggest the original. The "Attis" of Catullus, its metre and all the words of it, are rendered into English, which gives the same foreign, imperfectly intelligible effect as the Latin. It is the "Athis," still as foreign as in Latin, though in English words, that I meet as I read:

"Corybantes, all together, up, on to the woods of Cybele;
All together, on, ye wandering herds of Dindymus' shepherdess,
Ye that seeking foreign shores, and, in an exile voluntary,
Following me and guided by me, on my ways my companions,
Having overcome the rapid main, and the floods' savagery,
And in passing hate of Venus having overcome the man in you,
Now your mistress' heart gladden ye with the speed of courses precipitate.
Slow delay be cast behind you, follow all together, follow me,
To the Phrygian home of Cybele, Phrygian woods, the goddess's,
Where the cymbals utter their voices to the tambourines' echoing,
Where the curved reed makes grave music for the Phrygian flute-player,
Where the Mænads toss together wild heads ivy-filleted,
Where with piercing ululations the sacred signs are agitated,
Where in wonted wake the wandering cohort follows the deity,
Thither meet it is we hasten, thither with dances swift-footed."

It does not turn the English reader into a Roman, but it puts him into the position of one who has spent ten years at Latin, though only one who has done so can fully admire it.

French and Verlaine being nearer to us than Latin and Catullus, this rendering of "L'Allée" from "Fêtes Galantes" is more like an English poem:

"As in the age of shepherd king and queen,
Painted and frail amid her nodding bows,
Under the sombre branches and between
The green and mossy garden-ways she goes,
With little mincing airs one keeps to pet
A darling and provoking perroquet.
Her long-trained robe is blue, the fan she holds
With fluent fingers girt with heavy rings,
So vaguely hints of vague erotic things
That her eye smiles, musing among its folds.
—Blonde, too, a tiny nose, a rosy mouth,
Artful as that sly patch that makes more sly,
In her divine unconscious pride of youth,
The slightly simpering sparkle of the eye."

No one who is not a master of French can get so near Verlaine as by reading this.

The original poems include some belonging to Mr. Symons' earlier erotic period, several impressions of things seen in Italy and London, an exclamation "On Reading of Women Rioting for their Rights," love poems, songs, lyrics, dialogues, and emotional reflections. Very far apart are the erotic poems from the reflections, for they are separated by that fine and impressive confession, "The Fool of the World." They show us, these reflections, Mr. Symons' advance from a cloistered æstheticism to a simplicity like that of Mr. W. H. Davies, as in this:

"Where I hear
Crying of oxen, that, in deadly fear,
Rough men, with cruel dogs about them, drive
Into the torture-house of death alive,
How can I sit under a tree and read
A happy idle book and take no heed?"

The descriptions of things seen and the personal lyrics are very sensitive reflections of a spirit suffering from the dethronement of æstheticism, and the imperfect acceptance of a successor. "The Windmill," within its three verses,

* "Knave of Hearts—1894-1908." By Arthur Symons. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

depicts the desire to enjoy what Keats in one way, and Mr. W. H. Davies in another, could enjoy, and the failure :

"The day is enough for delight;
Why, as I lie on the grass,
And watch the clouds as they pass,
Do I reason of wrong and right?

Only to be, and the breath
I take is all that I need,
Were I but as the flower and weed
That live without thought of death.

But death, and right and wrong,
As the windmill turns on the hill
Turn like a burden still
That I cannot cast out of my song."

It is the central song of one whose days could not be "bound each to each by natural piety." And the poem on the opposite page is the melancholy submission to Wordsworth's alternative: "Or let me die," a mood far beyond that of Coleridge's "Dejection":

"Why is it that my heart is asleep, and no dreams awake,
And my thoughts like smoke in the wind are scattered and shake,
And there is no pain in my heart where it ought to ache?

I have forgotten what it was to weep and carouse;
The lamp was lighted, the curtains drawn, in the house;
I have forgotten the crying of birds, the shaking of boughs.

Be content, my heart; forget these things; they are vain,
What dream once dreamed can ever be dreamed again?
What is better for a heart than to sleep and be out of pain?"

This is not the end. The last of the poems in this book were written in 1908. It contains, says a poem on a fly-leaf, what the poet thought of things before he had "begun to live."

EDWARD THOMAS.

Photo by G. C. Beresford.

Joseph Conrad.

CHANCE.*

This strange and thrilling story of disaster and passion has the reserve and elusive subtlety one expects in Conrad's later work. The air of romance is secret, but in the twilight of these brooding pages one feels the author's immense creative realism. The obscurity of "Chance" is merely the superabundance of atmosphere. In Conrad's earlier books it is the extraordinary power of his physical atmosphere that strikes one, but in his more recent books his aim is to produce a spiritual atmosphere. In the ordinary meaning of the word "Chance" is much less mysterious than, say, "Heart of Darkness," but, in reality, it is more mysterious. For the tension in these modern books of his is a finer thing altogether and the touch more delicate.

"Chance" is a profoundly psychological novel. As its name implies, the irony of chance is the leading link of the whole structure. The story lacks the conventional idea of plot, and though full of events and characters, concerns, in chief, two people — Flora de Barral, the daughter of a famous (and fraudulent) financier, and Captain Roderick Anthony, son of a poet and master of the *Ferndale*. These two people, the young and unhappy girl and the silent captain, are drawn for us with all Conrad's minute and imaginative insight. The story of Flora de Barral's youth, of her meeting with Anthony, and of their life on board ship has a tragic quality of rare beauty. And in Captain Anthony Conrad has made a really noble and affecting figure. He is the male counterpart of Mrs. Gould in "Nostromo." His love and compassion for the despairing girl are untinged by the least sign of alloy.

"Chance" is too full of incident and detail to be reviewed closely in so short a space, but one may mention that it is divided into two parts, named "The Damsel" and "The Knight." The first concerns Flora de Barral's childhood and her miserable youth, and the second concerns Captain Anthony and his life with Flora aboard the *Ferndale*. After the crash which sent her father to penal servitude and herself to the horrors of poverty, Miss de Barral's best friends proved to be Mr. and Mrs. Fyne. It was at their house that she met Mrs. Fyne's brother, home from sea, Captain Anthony. And it was in a sudden and overwhelming flash of intuition that Anthony realised her forlorn and despairing soul. He carried her off with him in the sheer violence of his boundless pity springing into love, thus offending bitterly the correct and decorous Mrs. Fyne. And it was on board the *Ferndale* that Flora, now Mrs. Anthony, brought the ex-convict (and more than ever monomaniac) de Barral. His insane hatred of the Captain, who had come between his daughter and the brilliant marriage of his dreams, gives a background to the sombre and pathetic misunderstanding that sunders Anthony and his wife. The end of this episode is intensely dramatic.

Besides Flora de Barral and Captain Anthony, "Chance" contains, in the financier de Barral, in Mr. and Mrs. Fyne, in Powell, in Franklin, in Flora's governess, and in her cousin the manufacturer, a marvellous gallery of portraits. The breath of life is in these creations. Marlow, whom Conrad introduces into several of his tales, appears here once again in the character of narrator—not so much of his own adventures as of other people's.

"Chance" is written in distinguished and exquisite language—it is, in fact, a work of art as well as being a work of genius.

RICHARD CURLE.

* "Chance." By Joseph Conrad. 6s. (Methuen.)

A NEW TRANSLATION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.*

Dr. James Moffatt has entered, not for the first time, the ranks of those who have striven to interpret the New Testament in a modern tongue. They are a noble army, the contemplation of which may well arrest the attention of those who imagine the little book outworn. It speaks to the world already in ten languages for every one claimed by other masterpieces of literature, and the number and the disproportion may be seen growing every year. One book, indeed, does pass that ten per cent., though it does not reach the twenty; but "The Pilgrim's Progress" will not disturb any inferences we may draw from the primacy of the Gospels among the books that exercise a universal sway over the mind of the world, primitive and civilised alike. The massive four volumes of bibliography in which Messrs. Darlow and Moule have described, for the Bible

* "The New Testament: a New Translation." By James Moffatt, D.D., D.Litt. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Society, the whole history of Bible translation, form a more impressive plea for Christianity than all the apologetics from Justin Martyr to the present day. The first of these great volumes is devoted entirely to the English Bible; and the story is profoundly significant for any appreciation of the part the English-speaking peoples have taken in the history of the world.

Almost before this paper can be read, Dr. Moffatt's venture justifies itself by reappearance in a second edition; and I need not, therefore, devise any excuse for a new attempt where so many have tried before, attaining between them many varying forms of success. The new version belongs to the class of which Dr. Weymouth's and the "Twentieth Century New Testament" are the best-known examples, apart from excellent essays in a part of the field. They render the Greek into the English of to-day, avoiding all archaism, and discarding the phraseology which comes down to us from standard versions. The researches of the present generation of Biblical scholars have proved abundantly that this is the only method which can adequately represent the original. The Greek of the New Testament is singularly unlike that of all literary works written in or near its own day. Thanks largely to the study of the immense mass of non-literary papyri from the tombs and rubbish-heaps of ancient Egypt, we know that the Greek Bible was written in the language of daily life, previously regarded as beneath the dignity of literature. A translation, therefore, which uses archaism, as the Revisers of 1881 were compelled by their instructions to do, presents us with English which deliberately avoids the most striking feature of its original, and risks not seldom the misunderstandings which the artless Greek set itself to escape for its own day. There was a Greek, used by contemporary writers like Plutarch and Josephus, which would exactly represent Pilate's question in its Authorised Version form—"Whether of the twain will ye that I release unto you?" But Matthew's Greek discards the obsolete words, and answers exactly to Dr. Moffatt's "Which of the two do you want me to release for you?" The example I have chosen may not perhaps involve much danger of misinterpretation, but there is no doubt that a great many of these old-time phrases do puzzle simple people more than we or they know. Whether, for purposes of public worship, the sonorous dignity of the Authorised Version, as purged from its wrong readings and faulty renderings by the Revisers, can ever be exchanged for the homeliness and lucidity of a version like this is a point I cannot discuss here. But there can be no doubt that for private reading a version made on these principles has an immense advantage, for it produces on our minds as nearly as possible the same impressions as the original made on its first readers.

In estimating the value of Dr. Moffatt's work there are some things obvious before we open his book. In knowledge and scholarship he is far ahead of any individual predecessor, and we know he will be up-to-date beyond all cavil. His judgment, perhaps, in accepting novelties will not be regarded as equally infallible. Readers will be careful to remember that the words, "in my opinion," excluded naturally by the conditions of the work, must be freely sprinkled about these pages, where conjectures are set down as facts. There is always an excellent case for them: Dr. Moffatt will never be caught tripping from ignorance or imperfect appreciation of the case of his conservative critics. But we have an individual scholar's opinion throughout, and we must always allow for the fact. One conspicuous example is found in the re-arrangements of the text, which appear so frequently in the Gospel of John. They are eminently tempting, and sometimes, I think, fairly proved; but "restored to their true position" is a phrase which needs to be taken with a pinch of salt. The same is the case with the numerous emendations of the text. In translation, too, the unlearned reader must keep at the back of his mind the fact that startling novelties may represent a consensus of modern scholarship, and sometimes may not. Personally, I agree far more often than I differ, but I should like to keep my more cautious comrades in mind. Incidentally, may I express, as an illustration, my profound disbelief in Luke's having imagined any considerable degree of darkness due to an "eclipse" capable of lasting three hours (xxiii. 45)? Even those whose imagination is hardy enough to credit him with ignorance of the connection between Passover and full moon might hesitate to believe in the other blunder.

A few notes on the English employed will need all the space I have left. (Ought I rather to say Scottish, in view of the regular Northern use of "will," and a detail like "factor," in Luke xvi. 1?) If anything, Dr. Moffatt is in some slight danger of overdoing the homeliness so properly sought for a true representation of his original. "We must strip off every handicap" (Heb. xii. 1) is very modern, but a mixed metaphor. I suppose we have really arrived at "Surely it is not me?" (Matt. xxvi. 25—"it is I," in xiv. 27); but must we say, "We object to him having" (Luke xix. 14)? It is undeniably colloquial, more's the pity!—and that must reconcile us, though I might plead that it would suit Mark better than the cultured Luke. I should try to find an alternative for "make fun of" (Matt. xxvii. 41, and elsewhere), and "scream" (ver. 50). That there are many places where I do not agree with Dr. Moffatt is naturally to be expected, though he wins my assent very easily in most places. For instance, I feel Luke xii. 15 inadequate: "for a man's life is not part of his possessions because he has ample wealth." I would read, "for even when a man has enough and to spare he does not get his life from his possessions." In ver. 25 of the same chapter, I feel quite sure, from contemporary Greek and from the consideration of the sense, that "add an ell to his height" is wrong: read "Which of you, by worrying, can add a span to his life?" (Part of the point is that worry constantly shortens life, but cannot lengthen it.) Then "the realm of God" or the "reign of God" cannot be regarded as an improvement on "kingdom," even if that is not perfect. I wholly agree with Dr. Moffatt's freedom in using various English words for the same Greek in different contexts; but why make the Scribes "impious" in Matt. xxiii. 23, etc., and "irreligious" in ver. 25? The extremely difficult word we have borrowed as "scandalise" is generally well represented by various equivalents, but I do not care for "disconcerted" in Matt. xxvi. 31. I suspect misprints in Matt. xvi. 12 ("the *leaven* of the Pharisees"), Luke xii. 47 (footnote—surely "conflate"?), xix. 37, (footnote—the relative dropped from the Greek) and xxiii. 12 (an unwanted comma). The usually complete modernising is overlooked in "gird himself" (Luke xii. 37). I abstain, for want of space, from detailed criticism outside the Gospels. Speaking generally, the epistles are the most successfully interpreted in a paraphrase which all can understand; they, of course, need the treatment most of all. I cannot better sum up my estimate of this most excellent book than by expressing the hope that its price may descend from 6s. to 6d., so that multitudes may read it for whom time-honoured diction and dignified obscurity have been, to a large extent, seven seals upon the Book of the People.

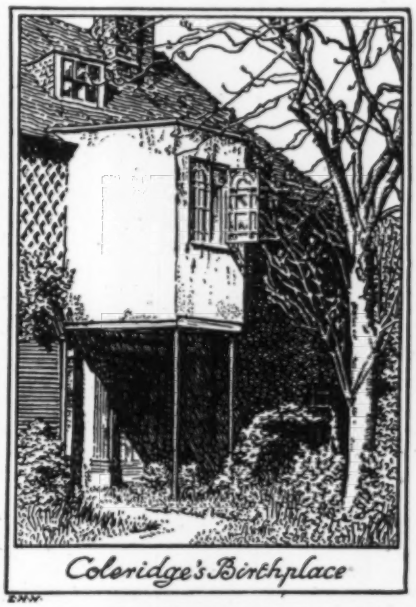
JAMES HOPE MOULTON, D.D., D.C.L.

IN THE OLD PATHS.*

The art of literary reminiscence and allusion requires above all a highly sensitived perception of adjustment and proportion. So far as a delicate discrimination of values is concerned, it is an art that demands not only a taste and knowledge out of the common possession, but a power of applying these qualities with an exactness of emphasis and suggestion as subtle as it is rare. Such a canon is necessary, for the reason that this peculiar and individual art appears susceptible of a very different interpretation. It is the leisurely method of the quietist, the writer with the retrospective vision, the harvester of gentle memories. Surely he, if any, might have rope to wander where he may and pluck where he will, oblivious

* "In the Old Paths." Memories of Literary Pilgrimages By Arthur Grant. 8s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

of the tiresome claims of rules and order and of all that may obstruct the choice and felicity of his fancy. Now that is all very well, but he will find, when he comes to give unity and expression to his browsings in literary meads, that, unless he know how to assert and arrange, he will be compiling a mere memorandum diary or a dictionary of quotations. For this most guileless of the arts is at the same time the most measured and composed. It depends not upon inspiration and imagination, but upon selection. It does not invent, but disposes the inventions of others in a harmonious and coherent interdependence.



From "In the Old Paths" by Arthur Grant (Constable).

It is not so superfluous as it sounds to indulge in this introduction, because Mr. Grant, in spite of the potential charm of his essays upon dead poets and their old retreats, has disregarded this essential need. For a pilgrim in Arcady, he is a little too modern and a little too uniform. He visualises the country of the poet, not in the light of the poet's, but of his own impressions. He records what he sees; but he fails to reconstruct for us what he might have seen had be been in the company of his poet. He takes us among the little hills of Buckinghamshire, with minute beech-woods perched daintily on their summits, to Milton's cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, or again to the haunts of the scholar-gipsy, within the call of the Oxford chimes, but in spite of quotation, in spite, indeed, of deliberate reverie upon them—*ad hoc* musings—Milton and Arnold remain in the background, the fragments of the author's meditations. The main thing is what the country looks like to the writer. The rest is incidental. The result is that these studies, sentimental gleanings from the past as they are, are actually inconsequent as they ought not to be, not apparently inconsequent as they should seem. Their contents are not neat or properly dovetailed. There are plenty of quotations, of references and allusions, but they don't fit; they don't illustrate the feeling of the poet to his locality or the spirit of the locality itself. When, on the other hand, the poet holds his ground, as in the description of Somervile, the friend of Shenstone, and the sportsman-poet of Wilmcote, in Warwickshire, he is not drawn into relation with his country. It may be Mr. Grant's style, or it may be his method, but his treatment never quite rids itself of a certain untidiness and unscrupulousness, which does not do the best justice either to himself or his poets.

However that may be, his subject is full of delights. Whether his wanderings be through Wheathamstead (with Lamb's "Mackery End" hard by), or through Olney by the "slow, winding Ouse," through Shenstone's Halesowen, near Birmingham, or John Keble's Fairford, Mr. Grant's appreciation does not falter. He is particularly devoted to the beauties and memories of the Home Counties. If he raised the pennon of Hertfordshire in "Rambles in Arcadia," in the present book the miniature delicacy of Buckinghamshire is emblazoned on his coat. He reminds us of Burke, at Beaconsfield; of Disraeli, at Bradenham and Hughenden; of Gray, at Stoke Poges; of William Penn, at Jordans; of Milton, Ellwood, who suggested the scheme of "Paradise Regained," and the Penningtons, at Chalfont. He mentions Hampden immortalised by John Hampden, but he might, with advantage, have bestowed more than a cursory glance upon one of the most picturesque and historical of Buckinghamshire's villages. At Hampden, on the estate of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, is one of the most spacious and dignified avenues in England, the unique avenue of Queen Elizabeth. Nor does Mr. Grant recall the Verneys, at Claydon; Stevenson, at Wendover; or Shelley, at Marlow. And while he was in Lichfield, surely that illustrious blue-stocking, Anna Seward, "The Swan of Lichfield," might have been remembered, even only as an attendant at the planetary glories of Johnson, Boswell and the Thrales.

HAROLD MASSINGHAM.

HANS HOLBEIN.*

How poor would be the picture of the age that brought forth the world-compelling movement of the Reformation—the freedom of the conscience of man—were the art of Hans Holbein withdrawn from the vista! Dürer painted "the last of the knights"—the Emperor Maximilian; Holbein interprets the new order. The king and warrior no longer *ride* forth to great adventure; they are become the diplomats of the closeted room; princes are become middle-class; merchants usurp the seat of princes; both are folk of the towns, the old watch-fires and open-air splendours have passed out of vogue. Affairs of State are frankly intrigues of the privy council-room. The death-sentence is pronounced on the back-stairs; great men fence for their lives over the wine—in secret dread of the privy chamber. Romance has left the fields. Holbein has not an ounce of romance in all his high achievement.

Holbein, with plain blunt vision, steps into a time of change. On either hand the religious factions were at merciless war between the old faith and the new. Like his friend Erasmus, like many of the best men in the old Church, he could lash the vilenesses of the age and of the Church to which they belonged; but would not go the length of destroying the Church itself.

The critic is wont to pit Dürer against Holbein. They have little in common. Dürer, as painter, is infinitely beneath Holbein; in his engravings and woodcuts, as immeasurably above him. Dürer has a wide-ranging imagination; Holbein has none. Dürer was no colourist; Holbein was a good colourist, a mighty draughtsman. Above all, Holbein is amongst the supreme geniuses in his grip of character. Dürer has one foot in the Middle Ages; Holbein stands free in the New Age. Dürer was born in 1471 Holbein in 1497—but twenty-six years divided them—yet a whole age divides them, a world of change lies in those twenty-six years.

We become the slaves of a map; the labels and tags of the schoolmaster docket our comprehension. What we mean by Germany to-day had no such meaning when bluff King Hal ruled over us. The Renaissance came peeping into the German cities, as well as the Flemish, as it flitted along the Rhine; indeed, it is but an arbitrary business that separates German from Flemish. The Renaissance was a wide and deep respiration of Europe that had its vital essence in the northern blood even more than in the classic academism that was its chief incentive in Italy. And Dürer and Holbein were an essential part of its genius. For this very reason, whilst, like a great deal of the Renaissance, much of its decoration and quality were vile and bastard stuff—and some of Holbein's decorative design is wretched enough—the northern genius had its virile roots in *character*, and Holbein's sense of character makes his art immortal. Thus, whilst his groups are

* "Hans Holbein the Younger." By Arthur B. Chamberlain. With 252 Illustrations, 24 in Colour. 2 Vols. £3 3s. net. (George Allen.)

generally of his lesser achievement, it is in his single portraits that we come to a mastery, and the utterance of a searching vision, that have made him an example to all time. . . .

In Augsburg city the arts seemed like enough to be destined to be practised by mediocre hands, when, in the whim of Fate, there arose, towards the end of the fourteen-hundreds, two painters—Thomas Burgkmair and Hans Holbein, to be known as *The Elder*—who showed promising gifts out of the ordinary, and who were to beget sons—Hans Burgkmair and Hans Holbein, to be called *The Younger*—destined to bring wondrous fame to the old Swabian town. Of this Hans Holbein the Younger, who, in his greatness, the world now knows as Holbein alone, born to old Hans, who had learnt the mysteries through Flemish Rogier van der Weyden, and wedded the Flemish utterance thereafter to the Italian vision, we have here the elaborate history in two huge and sumptuous volumes, richly embellished with reproductions of his life's work, from the hands of that careful student of his achievement, Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, wherein he gives us a full record of the lives and works of the Holbeins, so far as these are known to the latest research. Mr. Chamberlain has done his service of love with a thoroughness and a painstaking care worthy of his subject; and his subject must ever remain of high importance in the history of English art, for Holbein achieved his finest work in England, came to his highest honour and recognition in England, set the fashion and form and directed the endeavour of the craftsmanship of painting in England, and to him, and his congenial genius, English art was subject for a century and more—even if, in some measure, his vision has not passed into the fibre of much artistic intention in our own day.

How old Hans was passed over by fashion and, falling ever deeper into debt for rent and at the butcher's, was sold up by his own brother; how he and his youthful sons shook the dust of the city from their feet, and made for Basel and other places; how young Hans made sketches in the margin of Erasmus' "Praise of Folly," and thereby came into the friendship of the man who was to lead his steps to England; and of the brilliant career that was to await him out of such grey beginnings, so that wilful Henry of England should make him his friend—bluff Hal, who paid the tribute: "I could make seven earls out of as many hinds any day; but out of seven earls I could not make one Holbein"—we may gather some story in these handsome volumes, if in somewhat austere fashion, amidst the dry details of his wondrous wayfaring. And if the telling be freed of all romance, at least Mr. Chamberlain has gathered together everything of value known to the latest research. It is frank book-making; the matter is on the dry side of the cake; and Mr. Chamberlain writes with the heavy hand—indeed, his use of the hideous "the former" and "the latter" is excruciating—but a catalogue of a man's works requires brilliant artistic gifts to make it fascinating reading, and the writers of artistic gifts are chary of the dogged and elaborate research necessary to such a heavy task as this to which Mr. Chamberlain has devotedly set himself. Of a truth, the book is written from the "Burlington" point of view, which is the antique-dealer's and museum habit, and it will appeal little to artists. Yet it is precisely in the degree to which a master utters his age and its significance that his achievement reaches to genius; and the Burlington mind knows little of such things. A man shall not worship God and Mammon; nor can art achieve its significance in the traffic of the antique-monger.

The most valuable service that the scholar can render the achievement of the great dead is to give to the world as full volume of the reproductions of his work as can be brought together. The author gives generously, the volumes are rich in illustrations; but in a large and sumptuous book, which must become the authoritative record of Holbein's career, it is a thousand pities that, instead of giving long and tedious descriptions of pictures, which fatigue the brain and utterly fail to create the illusion of the picture, the author did not give reproductions of every single work by Holbein which it is possible to reproduce, even if in small. Many of the line drawings could have been printed amidst the text that treats of them; and the publishers make the ugly blunder of placing two or more illustrations on a page, and these often across the page instead of down it—an exasperating and cheap economy in a heavy volume, and a disfigurement to all book-making, and particularly disastrous in such cases as the two sketches for the "Meyer" portraits, which would have gained enormously by being placed on separate pages facing each other, whilst such illustrations as the "Adam and Eve," could have been placed right side up quite as well as athwart the page. The exasperating "tissue-title" is also increasing in vogue, and should be rigorously stopped.

But one must not leave the survey of these valuable volumes on a carping note, due largely to the fault of the publishers, for Mr. Chamberlain weighs the evidences concerning the disputed incidents of Holbein's career with rare judgment and skill, and his devotion to his heavy task wins its reward in giving to the world a work which must be the supreme authority upon Holbein for many years to come.

HALDANE MACFALL.

LES NELSONS.*

We have recently seen, in the visit of M. Anatole France to this country, how literature, especially when represented by a great living writer, can act as a potent ingredient of the *Entente Cordiale*; though it has to be added, in this particular instance, that certain enthusiasms here were noticeably damped and Press accounts rigorously curtailed when public discovery was presently made of the fact that Anatole France is just a common Socialist, who addresses the Fabian Society, kisses Mr. Bernard Shaw, and demands a reduction of armaments.

Cover design of one of the Collection Nelson Volumes.

Fuller knowledge does not always prevent quarrels, either among nations or individuals, but at least it produces the atmosphere of tolerance and understanding, in which disputes can be more easily healed. From this point of view the future historian of our times will have to credit Messrs. Nelson with a large share in the maintenance of international amity, for it is indubitable that since the birth of the "Collection Nelson" more English people are reading French (and therefore understanding France) than ever before in our rough island story.

These recurrent Nelsons catch us coming and going. If we read French easily, well, here are delightful inducements to read more still—inducements that, considered in their gross physical aspect, have the advantage of costing no more than a shilling a volume, and of being sufficiently bound, and thus staying whole in the process of being read, instead of hastening, as did our dear old yellow Balzacs, into a lamentable condition of Sibylline leaves. On the other hand, those whose French is not what it was, or not what they hope to make it, have reason in their turn to bless the name of Nelson; for the mere monthly incidence of two new volumes is a steady check on the human tendency to backslide. Down the slippery slope of slackness go our good resolutions, and then out comes a new volume to push us up to virtue again.

And there is something for everybody—pastoral, comical, historical, tragical, and all the rest of the Polonian categories. We have already called attention to the complete sets of Molière and Hugo; it is meet that we now insist on the

* "Noris." Par Jules Claretie de l'Académie française; "Servitude et Grandeur Militaires." Par Alfred de Vigny; and many others. 1s. net each. (Nelson.)

variety of the rest—and there are more than six dozen of them, excluding the special sets. Here, for instance, are the dear old Musketeers of our boyhood, with all their *panache*, and near them Perrichon, the bold *carrossier*, whose feats on the Mer de Glace we can never cease to laugh at. Here, at one end of the list, we have the exquisite "Lettres de mon Moulin" of Daudet, and at the other Balzac's "Chouans" and the "Noris" of Jules Claretie.

The Continental circulation of the "Collection Nelson" explains, we suppose, the appearance of some familiar friends in strange guise—"Les Aventures de Pickwick," which looks more picaresque than ever, and "Simples Contes des Collines," which does not in the least look like "Plain Tales from the Hills." And as for "Le Mouron Rouge," we instantly think of "Louise" and the vendor's cry, "Mouron pour les p'tits oiseaux," and find ourselves in a world with which "The Scarlet Pimpernel" has little to do. The mere Englishman would gladly see these replaced by some whose appearance he has long looked for. What about some tales of Voltaire—"Candide," "Zadig," and their fellows? this is the very age in which such satire will be appreciated. And what about "Le Récit d'une Soeur," which has only to be reprinted to be loved and wept over as of old? And what about Stendhal? Perhaps, too, since we are asking for new favours, the publishers may consider the advisability of changing the present dainty binding of cream and gold into something more fitted to endure the stress of daily travel; for it is in the train and at the lunch-table, we fancy, that many Nelson readers will be found. This clamour for new blessings must not be taken as complaint. It is merely the measure of our gratitude to the enterprising firm who have made the name of Nelson a symbol of victory higher even than Trafalgar. Peace hath her victories not less renowned than war; and they are much harder to come by.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE IRISH THEATRE.*

Lady Gregory indulges in frank and sometimes lively gossip about Dublin Castle, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, and the United States of America. These stand out distinctly in the memory when one has finished her genial and discursive book. The story of the struggle with the Castle over the production of "The Shewing up of Blanco Posnet" in 1909 is distinctly diverting, whether we are following Lady Gregory's own story of her encounter with officialism or witnessing the procedure of Mr. Shaw, in all his zest of suggestion, criticism, and thorough personal satisfaction at the developments, behind the scenes. This part of the work contains several points that will be new to the general reader, and the whole chapter may well take a piquant place in the annals of dramatic curiosities and ironies. Incidentally there is a sly little picture of Lord Aberdeen, who is represented as friendly to the Abbey Theatre but loth to visit it as he disliked the colour of the carpets!

The American chapter, descriptive of the first tour of the Abbey Company in the States, with the war over "The Playboy," etc., has other orders of interest. It abounds with life, sometimes stormy, sometimes absurd, on the surface at all events, yet often gracious and kindly. Mr. Roosevelt, strenuous as the champion of reality and raciness on the stage, is only one of the scores of individualities that play distinctive parts. Some of Lady Gregory's experiences amongst Irish folk in Boston were quite delightful. Many were emigrants, or the children or grandchildren of emigrants, from her own Irish region. In one sense very far off, in another sense it was still appealingly near to them, and their pride in the playwright from the old place, the interviews, the comments, the exchange of memories, the chat and gossip which would be aptly described by the Irish word *seanchus*—all revealed a refreshing humanity and charm.

> "I had known of the nearness of America before I came," says Lady Gregory, "for I remember asking an old woman at Kiltartan why her daughter who had been home on a visit had left her again, and she had said, 'Ah, her teeth were troubling her, and her dentist lives at Boston.'"

Quite a world of social truth and psychology is embodied in that little tale.

Though Lady Gregory sketches in a broad way the story of the beginning of the Abbey Theatre, how it fared, fought, and began to flourish, and affords a general idea of what it has come to mean as an institution, it is all done by gossip and suggestion; she attempts no deep history, no elaborate appreciation of the Anglo-Irish dramatic movement; and its leading figures, like Yeats and Synge, we see only in glimpses and flashes. Sometimes the pages are simply like chat, enlivening but disconnected, about the Theatre and its ideals and fortunes. But the author's pride in the work, her sincerity of spirit, and the flavour in the points and memories give the whole an underlying coherence and an agreeable interest.

Tribute is paid to the Gaelic revival, and grateful admission is made of all the Abbey owes to the current it brought into being. It is unfortunate, however, that the Irish National Theatre Society, to give it its full name, has been able to do comparatively little for plays in the Irish language. Most of them have been produced in centres apart from the Abbey. In this book, by the way, the names of Irish plays referred to are given incorrectly; thus "Casad an Sugan" is wrong spelling and bad grammar. Such blots may not be Lady Gregory's fault; the volume was printed in America and possibly she did not see the

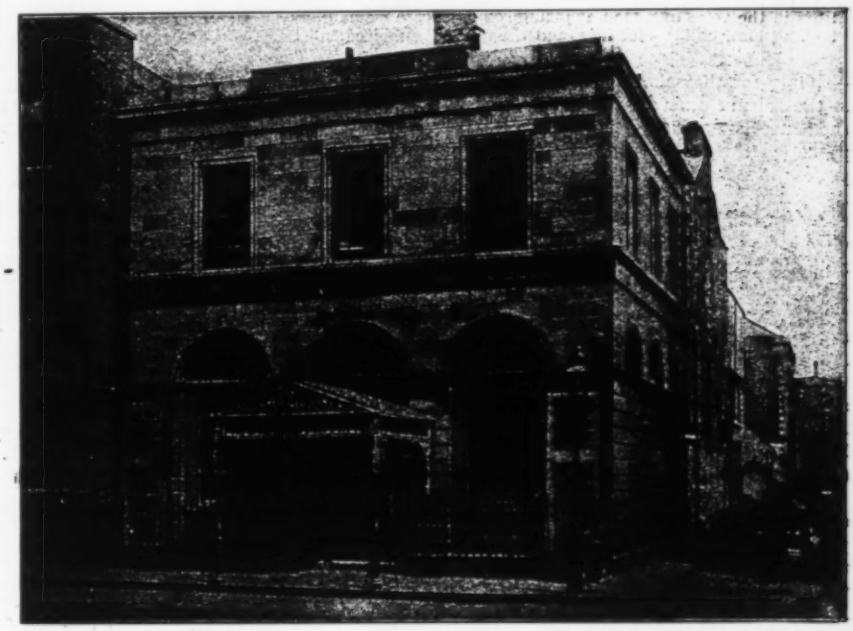


Photo by Keogh Bros., Ireland. **The Abbey Theatre, Dublin.**

From "Our Irish Theatre," by Lady Gregory (Putnams).

* "Our Irish Theatre." A Chapter of Autobiography. By Lady Gregory. Illustrated. (Putnams.)

proofs. There are one or two other slips. We are told in the interesting memories of Sir Frederick Burton:

"He cared very much for Mr. Yeats's work, but I never could persuade him to come and meet him."

and on the next page:

"But I did bring them together in the end, and he thanked me later and confessed my faith had been justified."

It is curious to note that at first Lady Gregory herself had little or no interest in theatres, nor did she realise when the new venture was planned that she had any dramatic talent whatever. She assisted Mr. Yeats with dialogues in a modest and obliging fashion, and gradually found her own way in the realm of art and comedy. And she is of course but one of several whom the Abbey Theatre has helped to find themselves and to bring into their own.

W. P. R.

CLOUGH'S POEMS.*

"There's a very poor poet called Clough
Whom his friends all endeavour to puff"—

sneered Swinburne—and yet here is that same "poor poet" being canonised. For it does amount to canonisation to be included in Macmillan's familiar green seven-and-sixpenny series of solid classics (the series which already includes our best complete Tennyson, the complete Wordsworth, the Coleridge, Shelley, and Arnold) and to be "introduced," in words admirably ringing with respect, by that severe and stringent penman Mr. Whibley. Is it possible that Swinburne was wrong? May Lowell perhaps have been right? "We have a foreboding" wrote the latter "that Clough, imperfect as he was in many respects, will be thought a hundred years hence to have been the truest expression in verse of the moral and intellectual tendencies, the doubt and struggle towards settled convictions, of the period in which he lived." What have we, who are so nearly the subjects of that prophecy, got to say about the likelihood of its fulfilment? Will Clough, will the author of "The Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich," ever again be actively and eagerly read?

It may be said at once that he won't—as a poet; nor yet as a social historian. Readers are not going to struggle along his creaking hexameters—

"Oh, if they knew and considered, unhappy ones! oh, could they see, could
But for a moment discern, how the blood of true gallantry kindles,
How the old knightly religion, the chivalry semi-quixotic
Stirs in the veins of a man at seeing some delicate woman
Serving him, toiling—for him, and the world; some tenderest girl now"—

—simply for the sake of discovering what young Oxford, in the solemn nineteenth century, thought of Socialism and Puseyism and Woman. And no reader who judges poets (as Swinburne did, always) first and foremost as professional musicians, will ever be able to read him without being contemptuously exasperated by his fumbling and disconsolate fingering. Clough had absolutely no virtuosity. The tradition that he had—the suggestion that his literary importance is that of an audacious experimenter and innovator in metres (a suggestion reiterated so often by literary primers that it has at length become the stereotyped formula)—owes its origin to nothing more in reality than the eccentric appearance of "The Bothie." Whereas the truth is that "The Bothie," instead of being evidence of technical audacity, is proof of precisely the opposite—of poor Clough's docile indifference to metre. For he simply picked up the lilt from Longfellow (symptom alone, surely, of mildness!) and then drove ahead with it mechanically, quite oblivious to all the expostulatory squealings and groanings with which the poor thing did its utmost to call his attention to the fact that its application was a ludicrous misfit. No; Clough was no craftsman. He had a gentle disdain for form. And it is the idea of him being primarily a daring experimenter in rhythms that has kept many readers from tackling him, and has prevented the courageous few who have not been dismayed, from perceiving his true virtue and charm.

For charm and virtue he has—high, clear, pure and lasting—if only you take him simply as an entirely honest gentleman. He used verse as his friend Emerson used it—because it seemed the fittest medium for expressing certain intimate doubts and apprehensions and scruples—apprehensions and ponderings so dimly delicate that prose would either have coarsened them into rhetoric in an endeavour to be lofty, or else abashed them by its everyday heartiness. The emotional tradition of poetry, too, formed a kind of shield for his candour, deflecting attention from its personal note—and Clough was one of the shyest of men. He was as shy as he was shamelessly egoistical—each quality indeed was the very shadow of the other. It often happens so. Sensitive, shrinking, susceptible, brooding incessantly—every moment to him was momentous, every act the result of agonies of dubitation;—and he thus passed his days in a state of insistent sincerity, but at the same time longed to hide his naked nerves. He felt all things so pitilessly that he had to write of them or perish. His poems were all self-probings, self-dissections, self-disdains. But the very sensitiveness which drove him to this made the idea of open egotism appalling. And so he sought the sympathetic coverts of verse.

It is as a faun in a thicket, therefore, not as a gardener among his groves, that we ought always to think of the author of these pages; a poor, timid faun, a bit daunted by the lusty day, and intensely troubled by the strange possession of a soul:

"O kind protecting Darkness! as a child
Flies back to bury in its mother's lap
His shame and his confusion, so to thee,
O Mother Night, come I! within the folds
Of thy dark robe hide thou me close; for I
So long, so heedless, with external things
Have played the liar, that whate'er I see,
E'en those white glimmering curtains, yon bright stars
Which to the rest rain comfort down, for me
Smiling those smiles, which I may not return,
Or frowning frowns of fierce triumphant malice,
As angry claimants or expectants sure
Of that I promised and may not perform,
Look me in the face! O hide me, Mother Night!"

So he wrote in his early twenties, incapable even then of assurance, terrified, above everything, of straying from sincerity, clutching it with a kind of quaking courage—a figure not unlike Shaw's timorous, obstinate Androcles:

"So be it: yet O Good and Great
In whom in this bedarkened state
I fain am struggling to believe,
Let me not ever cease to grieve,
Nor lose the consciousness of ill
Within me; and refusing still
To recognise in things around
What cannot truly there be found,
Let me not feel, and be it true,
That, while each daily task I do,
I still am giving day by day
My precious things within away."

It is this firm refusal to be merely firm, this determination to remain indeterminate until some supreme revelation will satisfy his least reluctance and convince him that there is no illusion in his confidence, that gives his work, simultaneously, its metrical shakiness and its queer spiritual power:

"To spend uncounted years of pain,
Again, again, and yet again,
In working out in heart and brain
The problem of our being here;
To gather facts from far and near,
Upon the mind to hold them clear,
And, knowing more may yet appear,
Unto one's latest breath to fear
The premature result to draw—
Is this the object, end and law
And purpose of our being here?"

It was his "object," certainly. His life, his external life, was tentative, groping, hesitant, feebly changeful. He had begun a brilliant career at Oxford—and suddenly resigned

* "Poetical Works of Arthur Hugh Clough." With an Introduction by Charles Whibley. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

London Bridge.

From "In Thackeray's London." Pictures and Text by F. Hopkinson Smith (Smith, Elder).

his Fellowship. He travelled irresolutely about Europe, and returned home as indecisively. He was appointed head of University Hall, and relinquished it to go to America. He thought of establishing a school there, and renounced the project as soon as it was formed. But all these outer waverings were but the symptoms of his unwavering resolve to commit himself to no sort of insincerity—he kept his circumstances irresolute because he was doggedly resolved never to allow himself to be caked over and twisted awry by the crystallisation of a ready-made career. And just as he refused to allow his life to be helped and harmonised by some regular policy with its pre-arranged rhythms and systematised successiveness, so, too, he refused to permit the guiding beat of verbal melody to interfere with the strict expression of his thought. His verses are outwardly careless just because they were so scrupulous; they are enabled to bear the thought with perfect accuracy, just because they limp; the feet of his verse might stumble, but never those of his honesty. The result is that his writings (now for the first time published with any completeness) form a spiritual autobiography of the rarest kind. Careless alike of fame or of effectiveness, —using the muses but never serving them—he sets down nothing beyond the measure of his mood; it is impossible for us to feel doubtful of these doubts. And for those who want something more tangibly stimulating than the sight of such sad triumphs, of these proofs of a soul's power to live sincerely at all costs, there is always the comfort of discovering that the record ends on a new note of desire:

"Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been, they remain.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright!"

It would be cruel to suggest that these lines, by which Clough is now best known to a sanguine world, are almost his least characteristic. For his life did end with an outer confidence. He married, he accepted a Government post, he displayed the usual trophies of content. And what right have we to imagine that this may not have meant a victory, or to see it as an ultimate surrender?

DIXON SCOTT.

LONDON IN FACT AND IN FANCY.

I have read very many books about London, and never one that has not had something in it that has interested me more or less. This is partly to the credit of the authors, but largely to the credit of London itself, which is such an interesting place that to write a completely uninteresting book about it is beyond the capacity of any but a man of almost impossible dulness. The three newest books on this inexhaustible subject differ widely from each other in scope and style, and each one of them is distinctly readable.

Mr. Hopkinson Smith writes of "Thackeray's London."[1] He interested me in the first line of his Introduction by mentioning that, when he was seventeen, he once saw Thackeray in Baltimore, and he remembers him as

"A tall, rather ungraceful figure, topped by a massive head framed about by a fringe of whitish hair, short, fuzzy whiskers, crumply collar and black stock. Out of a pink face peered two sharp inquiring eyes, these framed again by the dark rims of a pair of heavy spectacles, which, from my point of sight, became two distinct dots in the round of the same pink face."

The Introduction satisfies you, as you go on, that Mr. Hopkinson Smith is a genuine Thackeray enthusiast, and the right man to undertake a pleasant, gossipy volume of this sort. He relates how he hit upon a quaintly amusing driver of a taxi-cab, and selected this chauffeur for the task of conveying him about London to places associated with Thackeray and his work. It is a fault in me, perhaps, that I would sooner have had less of this chauffeur and more of Thackeray; but when I have said that I have nothing to say that is not appreciative. Under Mr. Hopkinson Smith's guidance you visit scenes that Thackeray has peopled with the characters of his stories—the Charterhouse and its environs, Jermyn Street, Berkeley Square, the Reform Club, St. George's, Hanover Square, Covent Garden, Fleet Street and two of its taverns, London Bridge, and, of course, the Temple. He takes you to one of Thackeray's houses, and to Staple Inn, which is not really associated with Thackeray, but the excuse for diverging into it is that it is nearly opposite what is left of Furnival's Inn, into which Thackeray went on the memorable occasion when he applied to become Dickens' illustrator. A particularly attractive feature is the series of beautifully-finished charcoal drawings in which Mr. Smith, who is author and artist too, has pictured the Thackerayean haunts he writes of with so much knowledge and so much charm.

The famous Nonconformist Burial Ground in the City Road finds an admirable historian in Mr. Alfred W. Light.[2] Apart from the City Corporation's "Official Guide," no adequate work on this subject is available. A great multitude of Nonconformist divines and prominent Dissenters lie buried in this place, these including Bunyan, Defoe, Samuel Wesley's wife, Susanna, certain of the

[1] "In Thackeray's London." Pictures and Text by F. Hopkinson Smith. With an Appreciation by Sir Algernon West, G.C.B. 15s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

[2] "Bunhill Fields." By Alfred W. Light. With a chart of the ground and many illustrations. 2s. 6d. net. (C. J. Farncombe.)

Cromwell family, Cromwell's son-in-law, General Fleetwood, Isaac Watts, John Conder, and Joseph Hart. Mr. Light gives concise and well-written biographies that are alive with vivid little glimpses of certain phases of bygone English life. It is a pity that, whilst regretting the insufficiencies of the "Official Guide" and the absence of any complete handbook to Bunhill Fields, Mr. Light did not enlarge the scheme of his book so that it should supply the deficiency. He does not plainly say so, but he has evidently set himself to deal only with the dead in Bunhill who were distinctly Dissenters; therefore he has said nothing of Godwin's friend, Horace Tooke; of Richard Price; and, above all, of the poet, William Blake, whose grave in this ground was only located a few years ago. These omissions make imperfect, as a guide, a book that might so easily have been complete. Otherwise, it is a useful work ably done. It is conveniently arranged, and excellently illustrated with numerous photographs and reproductions of old prints.

Mr. Kenneth H. Vickers has written a useful and altogether admirable "Short History of London,"[3] from its remote beginnings to the opening years of the nineteenth century. He does not pretend to have dealt with it exhaustively—that, within the limits of a single small volume, were impossible—but he has condensed an enormous mass of information into his two hundred pages; his unique record of the growth and development of the city is unfolded with an easy narrative skill that makes very attractive reading. It is a capital brief book on a big theme—one that should be popular both with students and the general reader.

J. S.

A SUCCESSFUL SEQUEL.*

It is not often that a sequel is a success, that it comes up to the level of the first volume, and it is an extraordinarily rare occurrence for the second book to be the better; yet such is the case with Mr. Scully's work. "Further Reminiscences of a South African Pioneer" is a long way ahead of "Reminiscences of a South African Pioneer," which was published earlier in the year.

The new book is far more interesting, far more readable in every way, a book which it is difficult to lay down once it has been started. Yet it is not easy to say wherein the difference lies. True, the style in the new book is better—an excellent example of simple, vivid writing—there is more continuity in the narrative, and the reader gets a far clearer insight into the author's character; but, on the other hand, the subject-matter is not nearly so important from a historical point of view. In the first volume Mr. Scully had splendid material. He really was a pioneer, in the fullest sense of the word; he had had a hand in the making of South Africa, and had acquitted himself well; moreover, unlike most pioneers, he has lived on to see the results of the labours of himself and his kind, even if he has not shared in the financial rewards. So far as one can gather from his writings, he has watched others reap the harvest which he had helped to sow.

When I read that first book, I was a little disappointed. The colour seemed lacking. It was a record such as a home-staying son might have compiled from his adventurous father's diaries; but the new book lives, despite the fact that it does not contain one quarter of the exciting matter to be found in its predecessor. If you analyse it, you will, perhaps, decide that it is merely the narrative of the experiences of an official in the service of the Cape Government, of a man who having, quite by chance, received an appointment as junior clerk in a magistrate's office, rose to be Resident Magistrate in an important native district, practically ruler over forty or fifty thousand savages.

Perhaps, to the man who does not know Cape Colony, this may not seem a great achievement; yet it must be remembered that, in the Cape service, the Colonial usually gets all the plums, and that Mr. Scully was Home-born. One of the charms of his book is his modesty concerning his own work. Nowhere does he boast, yet it is impossible for him to conceal the fact that, time after time, he did the State most excellent service, and that, although he had at least one bitter enemy in high quarters, the State was unable to ignore his worth. True, on several occasions, recognition took the form of sending him on dangerous and unpleasant service, but the recognition was there, for only an exceptionally good man could have been chosen for such tasks.

Whatever criticisms may have been levied against the first volume, it is difficult to find any fault with this one. I have read every word in it, and now I can only praise it. I know no other book which gives such an admirable picture of the life of a Colonial civil servant, the man who is continually being moved from one district to another, from the drowsy, comfortable life of a little farming township to the unending anxieties and dangers of a native district, from the beautiful scenery of the south-east coast to the utter desolation of Namaqualand.

Quite unintentionally, I believe, Mr. Scully tells us a great deal about his own character. A fierce fighter, an uncompromising enemy of abuses of every kind, a man who having decided in his own mind that certain things were right or wrong could never be induced to alter his opinion, essentially an Irishman in his love of conflict—that is how he reveals himself. It all comes out so naturally, as, for instance, when he relates the story of the horrible state of affairs which he found existing in the gaol at Springbokfontein, in Namaqualand. Single-handed, a new-comer, he put an end to a most abominable system, in spite of the very strongest local opposition. Again, when the Rinderpest swept through another district, he broke down the native objection to inoculation, and succeeded in saving a large proportion of the cattle; whereas, in the adjoining territories, not one bullock in twenty survived. But perhaps his most admirable, and certainly his most courageous work was done in connection with the native liquor traffic. In fighting that, he was fighting enormously powerful forces, the great German wholesale houses in Port Elizabeth, as well as the most influential group of politicians in Cape Town. That he should have been successful, even though his triumph lasted only as long as he was on the spot, is a splendid tribute to his strength and tenacity of purpose.

As a rule, he writes discreetly, with what seems like an official restraint. This is a pity, because, when he does let himself go, he can produce delightful descriptions of his foes. I cannot forbear quoting what he has to say about the former superintendent of the Cape Copper Company's mines:

> "He was as pompous as a grocer-alderman, and as touchy as a cuttle-fish . . . he expected you to approach him with abject homage—to crawl on the ground before his hobnailed feet. If one could imagine a baron of the Middle Ages with tyrannical tendencies, a navvy, and a beadle, all rolled into one, one might begin to realize 'the Super,' as he was termed."

If space allowed, I would say a good deal more about this most excellent book, and quote a good deal more from its pages; as it is, I can only add that it is the best book South Africa has inspired—remember, it is the work of a Home-born man—for many years past. One can only hope that Mr. Scully's promised third volume will be as much better than this, as this is better than the first.

STANLEY PORTAL HYATT.

THE OLD TESTAMENT IN LIFE AND LITERATURE.*

The freshness and charm of Miss Stoddart's book are due to her wide reading and felicitous power of selection. This is the first reflection which occurs to one, upon finishing this anthology. She has illustrated the Old Testament

[3] "A Short History of London." By Kenneth H. Vickers, M.A. 2s. 6d. (Macdonald & Evans.)

* "Further Reminiscences of a South African Pioneer." By W. C. Scully. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

* "The Old Testament in Life and Literature." By Jane T. Stoddart. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

from ancient and modern sources with a skill which makes her pages a constant pleasure to read, and skill in such work means a high power of discrimination, as well as industry. Her first-hand knowledge of the Reformation period has been particularly useful in the collection of new material, but her range is catholic, and the evidences of the Old Testament's use are gathered from all fields and over many centuries. On the story of Abraham she quotes Oliver Wendell Holmes: "The Hebrew patriarchs had small libraries, I think, if any, yet they represent to our imaginations a very complete idea of manhood, and, I think, if we could ask in Abraham to dine with us men of letters next Saturday, we should feel honoured by his company." As this seems the only quotation from Holmes, I am tempted to add, from the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," another, especially since it echoes the book of Esther, which is not one of the most popular Old Testament books. It is the passage in which the Autocrat presses the schoolmistress to fix an early day for their wedding. "The hand I held trembled in mine, and the eyes fell meekly, as Esther bowed herself before the feet of Ahasuerus. She had been reading that chapter, for she looked up—if there was a film of moisture over her eyes, there was also the faintest shadow of a distant smile skirting her lips, but not enough to accent the dimples—and said, in her pretty, still way: 'If it please the king, and if I have found favour in his sight, and the thing seem right before the king, and I be pleasing in his eyes——' I don't remember what King Ahasuerus did or said when Esther got just to that point of her soft humble words,—but I know what I did. That quotation from Scripture was cut short, anyhow." It was the book of Esther, too, which Huxley had in mind when he said that, "however complete may be the indifference to public opinion, in a cool, intellectual view, of the traditional sage, it has not yet been my fortune to meet with any actual sage who took its hostile manifestations with entire equanimity. Indeed, I doubt if the philosopher lives, or ever has lived, who could know himself to be heartily despised by a street-boy without some irritation. And, though one cannot justify Haman for wishing to hang Mordecai on such a very high gibbet, yet, really, the consciousness of the Vizier of Ahasuerus, as he went in and out of the gate, that this obscure Jew had no respect for him, must have been very annoying." It is one of the many merits of Miss Stoddart's anthology that she omits none of the Old Testament books, not even Leviticus. As Leviticus only gets three pages, a reference to the thirteenth chapter may be added from "Ivanhoe," where the Grand Master says, "Beaumanoir, they say, thou slumberest—awake! There is a stain in the fabric of the Temple, deep and foul as that left by the streaks of leprosy on the walls of the infected houses of old." But Miss Stoddart has amply drawn upon Sir Walter, elsewhere. It is a special feature of her work that she not has confined herself to so-called "religious" literature or biography. Many of the most striking citations in her pages come from writers who are outside the temple, or who, at any rate, would not be technically described as "saints."

When it comes to life instead of literature, the illustrations naturally rise more frequently from the experience of those to whom the Old Testament is a cherished devotional authority. It would be interesting, by the way, to have some authentic collection of instances in which the *Sortes Biblicæ* can be proved. But on a more normal and healthy line the Old Testament has affected the practical decisions and enterprises of human life, as Miss Stoddart's pages show, and this not only among Christians. She quotes from the Talmud more than once; it might have been well to quote, in illustration of Deut. vi. 5, the rabbinic legend about Aviba's martyrdom. But possibly Miss Stoddart is reserving this for her New Testament volume, which, we are glad to learn, is to be published before long. As it is, she has written a volume of rare and constant interest for all who love the Bible. It will help many to understand more fully the commonplace that no other book has entered so deeply and widely into the civlisation of Western Europe.

JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., D.Litt.

THE DUAL MONARCHY.*

The general features of the "Countries and Peoples" series of books are so well known now that it should be unnecessary to refer to the contents of this volume in any detail. The two portions do not cover quite the same ground, but the type of information given is, in general, similar, and in combination they present the reader with an informative, picturesque and pleasantly-written account of the Dual Monarchy. But for those who know Austria-Hungary this book will be interesting, not so much on account of the information it contains as for its descriptions of the people and of the country. And here one can endorse whole-heartedly the eulogies upon Vienna. Despite the slovenly spirit which hangs over the city in many ways, one agrees with the writer's judgment—that Vienna is the most beautiful town in Europe, with its wonderful natural surroundings, its magnificent architecture, its art treasures, and its musical, literary and theatrical life. And as Vienna is the most beautiful of European cities so is the *Ringstrasse* the finest street in the world, "with its succession of palaces, splendid public buildings, and monuments, most of them placed, to their best advantage, in parks or garden plots." With regard to Schönbrunn, however, one cannot accept the verdict that it is "far prettier than Versailles," and one is inclined to question the accuracy of the remark that Vienna is the only European town which has succeeded in breeding baby elephants for its "Zoo." Another pronouncement

Photo by Mr. Nador Szabo.

The Houses of Parliament from the Fisher Bastion.

From "Austria of the Austrians and Hungary of the Hungarians" (Pitman)

* "Austria of the Austrians and Hungary of the Hungarians." By L. Kellner, Paula Arnold and Arthur L. Delisle. 6s. net. (Pitman.)

the authenticity of which one is inclined to question is that made on pp. 169 and 170, as to the visionary schemes of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. If such schemes are entertained in fancy by the Archduke, they can hardly be regarded as "within the range of practical politics," and the writer's adjuration to Hungary—to beware of participating in such an enterprise—appears to us to be altogether redundant. A word should be said in conclusion as to the excellent and tasteful illustrations.

THE WAY OF THE CARDINES.*

Here is a novel of action, with a vigorous plot boldly planned and cleverly executed. It provides strong meat for the adventure-lover and some fine bones of contention for twentieth-century politicians. Its hero, Gerald Cardine, belongs to an illustrious family boasting a long line of autocratic soldiers and statesmen; accustomed to considering itself of the governing class; always supremely indifferent to the voice of the people; ready to ride roughshod over any opposition to its will, or die in the last ditch rather than yield or modify one clause in its own particular code of honour. An able, forceful family, these Cardines of Cardine Place, with spacious ideas of Empire, a proper Public School pride, and an indignant horror of State Education, Labour Members, and the like. It was love of Empire that induced Gerald Cardine to plan his splendidly audacious raid on the island of Katu, but the love that actually led him into action and finally carried him to victory was the love of woman! Katu is a small island peopled by Malays and a sprinkling of Europeans and Chinese, and ruled over by a villainous Raja, and Mr. Hyatt gives a vivid picture of the conflicting interests which beset it. Recognising the value of Katu, which with its wonderful natural harbour could be used to control the trade-route to the East, and realising that German influence is at work with the Raja, Gerald Cardine determines to rouse the British Government to a sense of its duty. Failing this, he resolves to act independently, seize Katu, proclaim himself Raja, and hold the island until public opinion forces the British Government to take it over. Such, in brief, is the exhilarating Cardine programme, and thanks to the unlooked-for assistance of the beautiful Lady Cardine, his cousin's widow, Gerald wins through. But—and here is the reader's opportunity for recording his vote for or against the Government—Great Britain respectfully declines to take over the island. Altogether, it makes a swift, dramatic story, and the fascination of Lady Cardine is very real, as also is the wonderfully realistic description of Gerald's desperate fight with the morphia habit. When occasion arises Mr. Hyatt does not hesitate to express his opinions and antipathies quite frankly and forcibly. For example, apropos of the Cardine spirit: "You cannot put the value of the Cardines and their kind down on a balance sheet. A Cecil John Rhodes is merely a crude financial proposition, a quotation on the Stock Exchange, and it pays to boom him; but that John Mackenzie, who made Rhodes' work possible, whose thunder Rhodes stole, the greatest, noblest statesman who ever set foot in South Africa, is practically forgotten. . . . He never floated a company." These outspoken digressions are always interesting and "The Way of the Cardines" is told in a terse, strong workmanlike manner, and is never for a moment lacking in vitality.

* "The Way of the Cardines." By Stanley Portal Hyatt. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

ACHIEVEMENTS.

In reviewing a batch of poets nowadays, one who remembers the Summer of Song of the 'nineties stands amazed at the general high level of merit in the volumes that pass through her hands. In the 'nineties the present reviewer was reviewing all the poetry for a London weekly. She remembers the frightful accumulation of absolutely worthless volumes of verse, produced beautifully often at the expense of their infatuated authors. Even in that Summer of Song the true song was hard to come by; and she remembers when an accommodating neighbour in a London suburb, who was willing to furnish her bookshelves with gorgeous bindings irrespective of the inside, used to send her mail-cart at intervals to remove the painted shams and leave the decks clear for another mixed lot.

Have the poets profited by the ten years in which none wanted the Minor Muse and very few the Major? It would seem so, for here is a pile of volumes in which not one is without its striking beauty of one kind or another. Ladies first, and Irish ladies, if you please. Mrs. Shorter's slender new volume[1] contains the best poetry she has yet given us. There are no hesitancies, no coldnesses. The narrative poem which gives the book its title runs swiftly and passionately to its tender close. Mrs. Shorter has found herself, and, oddly enough, it is in the assimilation of the atmosphere of the English country that she has reached her most certain expression. She has been hitherto halting between the Ireland of her youth and the England of her mature experience. Poetry must be concerned with the things of daily life to be living. One cannot always be drawing up one's inspiration in a bucket from the well of old memories. "Madge Linsey" has as English an atmosphere as Mr. Masefield's poetry, but a clearer atmosphere. One has not to wait for the murky sky to reveal its stars. The stars are there all the time. The short poems that follow are very beautiful and tender, and not one without its deep meaning. Such poignant things as "The Nameless One" and "The West Wind" go straight to the heart, and stay there.

Here is another Irish poet,[2] and indeed the Irish poets were singing when winter was on the English woods. Miss Mitchell's is a plaintive voice. and it is also rich and soft. She has memorable things to say, and she says them; and she has a curious felicity which can make a perfect thing of four round lines. There is a personal touch, as in "The Music of the Silence," which reveals to us the very woman behind the poem; and there are enchanting and very human poems, like "Carrick" and "The Greenlands." This is a very daughter of Erin. Makers of anthologies ought not to pass by this perfect, complete poem, which has wizardry in it:

"Great angels very stately
Pass by me to and fro.
And all the ronds of Heaven
To my beloved go.

My feet take hold on darkness.
My heart is shadowed so.
The lightsome ronds of Heaven
To my beloved go.

Wait for me, mighty angels,
With painful steps and slow;
I, by the rond of Heaven
To my beloved go.

Wait for me, my beloved,
I see the home-fires glow
Beyond the ronds of Heaven.
And to my own I go."

The poet-father of a poet-daughter, Dr. Sigerson's fires have not dimmed with the years, and his latest volume of poetry is, as pure poetry, his best.[3] The ancient Saga is told in flashing and many-coloured blank verse, which has true poetic vision and is carried along on a wind of inspiration which neither fails nor slackens. The beauty of this Saga is gentle, though it is also heroic, and it is sufficiently near the manner of Tennyson, while being entirely original, to make one wish that Dr. Sigerson would do for the Irish heroic stories something of what Tennyson did for the Arthurian legend.

[1] "Madge Linsey, and Other Poems." By Dora Sigerson Shorter. 1s. (Maunsel.)
[2] "The Living Chalice." By Susan Mitchell. 2s. 6d. (Maunsel.)
[3] "The Saga of King Lir." By George Sigerson. 1s. (Maunsel.)

Here are two Irish voices which will be listened for again.[4] "The Secret Hill" has true vision; it has a wild music, as befits its birth-place, and it has the touch of enchantment without which poetry is not. The songs are a little rugged, as befits the youth of the writers, but the ruggedness is not without its artistry. Ireland has many lovers nowadays, and England is not, perhaps, aware of how the narrow line that made Nationalism stand for patriotism has disappeared in our days, when the Dark Rosaleen is worshipped equally by her children of the north and the south, however they may range or under what banners. "The Secret Hill" has nothing without its reality, its significance, its delight, and one realises already that the poetry of these two young daughters of Ulster has come to stay.

Miss Emily Hickey has a long assured reputation. She was one of the fortunate ones in past days to have her poetry acclaimed by the Masters. One remembers the delight of those early poems in reading the slender new volume,[5] which is more and more concerned with heavenly things. Here is the pure and easy flow, the simple choice of words that are yet inevitable, the music and the charm of old. She has her Irish heroic tale—what Irish singer can do without it?—but beyond that beautiful tapestry there comes the fresh lyrical singing which brings back an old delight. This is a very limpid Muse, and almost quite shadowless—a Muse that goes in white.

Miss Fox-Smith's "Songs in Sail"[6] would have made a sensation in pre-Kipling days, and a big reputation for the writer. It belongs to the robust school of "Oh, sweet it was in Avis!" which is an immortal thing just because the author knew the moment to produce it: it was the memorable first drop in the shower. The poets have learned the ballad way now, and the fresh vital touch. For the rest, there is nothing imitative about Miss Fox-Smith's work. The present reviewer had the good luck to review an earlier book of hers—"Wings of the Morning"—and the sense to acclaim it as true poetry. Perhaps even the Masters in this kind of work have not excelled some of the swinging and headlong things in this little paper-bound volume, which smells of the sea. "Shipmates," "Deep-water Jack," "Cape Stiff," should make their niche in the English poetry. Nothing in the little book is without its rush, its energy, the wind in the rigging and the stars at night.

And here, lest Dr. Sigerson should be lost among so many ladies, comes Mr. R. V. Heckscher, with "Rose Windows."[7] Mr. Heckscher reveals himself as a poet to be considered. It is an ardent book, laden with thought and imagery. There is something unusual about it—strange, exotic. And there is always a strain of music, never lost, wandering through this rose-garden. Something of an exquisite felicity of music is in this:

"In my sleep I hear a fountain playing
Playing of olden things—
Of my first love and me a-maying,
Stealing to hidden springs:
The stars are mirrored in its tears
And shaken into light.
They bring my olden golden years
Back to my lonely night.

In sleep I hear a fountain playing,
Stealing from hidden streams.
Playing of love and of me a-maying—
The fountain, the fountain of dreams.
Singing of far-off, sunny hills
Where the birds are winging,
Sighing of deep, dear winding rills—
But singing—always singing."

This is poetry made for music, and music which is the voice of poetry.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

[4] "The Secret Hill." By Ruth and Celia Duffin. 1s. (Maunsel.)
[5] "Later Poems." By Emily Hickey. (Grant Richards.)
[6] "Songs in Sail, and Other Chantys." By C. Fox-Smith 1s. net. (Elkin Matthews.)
[7] "Rose Windows." By E. V. Heckscher. 3s. 6d. net. George Allen.)

YONE NOGUCHI'S ESSAYS.*

In an age of sentimentalism and false values, the broken English of the foreigner is sometimes hailed as though it were a positive and admirable literary quality; and it is not improbable that capital has been made out of this foolishness. To praise the work of Mr. Yone Noguchi on such grounds would be not only stupid but insulting, for his achievement is in spite of the limitations of his command of the language in which he writes. Sometimes, indeed, he is unable quite to convey his meaning to us—apart, that is, from the unfamiliarity of his point of view—and occasionally we owe a memorable phrase—such as, "a mysterious world with laughter and tears arm in arm"—to his freedom from the traditional conventions of English. But for the most part we are glad to forget the imperfections of the medium in the beauty of the idea or mood which it expresses.

Yone Noguchi.

I do not know whether the essay is a Japanese literary form, but if it is not Mr. Noguchi has perfectly realised its possibilities, and has used it in a manner which makes our most delicate masters seem rather heavy-handed. For Mr. Noguchi, though he has lived much in England and America, and knows English literature well, has accepted nothing from the West which might spoil his native virtues. He gives himself in epitome when he writes:

"It has become my habit on way to college once a week, where my weakness betrays itself under the quite respectable name of interpreter of English poets ancient or modern, to invite my own soul even for awhile where the shadows of pine-trees thicken along the path of breezes in Shiba Park."

Whatever his calling, he is the Oriental to whom contemplation is a necessary part of life. He loves the Japan of his forefathers, and has little taste for the innovations of "progress."

"I think that 'New Japan' (what a skeptic shallow sound it has!) has little to do with the real Japan of human beauty, because it was created largely by the advertisement, for which we paid the most exorbitant price to get the mere name of that; in short, we bought it with ready cash. . . . We discovered profitably Shakespeare and even Ibsen lately; and it seems to me that a copy, doubtless, of the American edition of "How to Build a City" fell one day in the hands of the Mayor of Tokyo, who proclaimed in the voice of a prophet that the city should be rebuilt in the very fashion nobody, at least in the Orient, ever dreamed."

Mr. Noguchi blames the Japanese themselves, and not the foreigner, for the spoiling of his country's genius. "Truth is that we Japanese lack in curiosity," he says; "therefore we are not inventive, creative, but merely imitative." For his own part, however, he refuses to compromise.

"The incense, an old vibration of the Japanese heart, quite peculiar, naturally fastidious, gesticulated, while stealing up from a two-horned dragon's mouth, for my friend (who returned home from America by the last steamer) to stop his talk on automiles and sky-scrapers."

Mr. Noguchi is himself "naturally fastidious." He shudders at the "single eyeglass straight from London," and the "sack-coat perhaps made in Chicago." "I am sure that real Japan would do very well without Chamberlain's single eyeglass and Turkish cigarette." At a dinner of Tokyo professors he refuses asparagus, "simply from the reason of their being of foreign origin," and feasts his mind on memories of the fourteenth of December, a great day in Japanese annals. He travels a hundred miles to see the earliest plum-blossom.

Beauty is an essential part in the life of the true Japanese as it never has been and never will be in that of the

* "Through the Torii." By Yone Noguchi. 5s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

European. Therefore it is natural that the English artists of whom Mr. Noguchi writes are those who have all, in different ways, sought the absolute in beauty: Rossetti, Whistler, Wilde, Yeats. The essay on Rossetti is one of those in which he has not made his meaning quite clear to us, but the other three are most interesting. On Wilde especially he is both sympathetic and just, and his conclusion is probably the right explanation of that writer's recent popularity. He writes also of Japanese poetry, of which he says:

"Our song is a potted tree of a thousand years' growth; our song is a Japanese tea-house—four mats and a half in all—where we burn the rarest incense which rises to the sky; our song is an opal with six colours that shine within."

The affinity which Mr. Noguchi has discovered between the Japanese and the Celt is illustrated by his own essays; but whatever suggestion there may be in them of the vague is corrected by a love of carefully wrought perfection. No doubt he was thinking of Yeats, rather than of Ossian, when he made the comparison. Himself we may describe—not necessarily exhaustively—as a mystical dandy.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS.*

This is essentially a book of the time, although the history of newspapers is sketched from the beginnings in a manner that shows wide reading and judicious selection; and the progress of the daily Press in this country during the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries is examined in some detail. The violent and scurrilous journalism which burst into being after Cromwell's death, for instance, and the pioneer work of Defoe as a topical writer are ably touched upon. By the way, a negative seems to have intruded into the author's criticism on those who accuse Cromwell of being more severe to the Press than the Star Chamber.

"To urge this," the book says, "as a reproach against Cromwell is to reproach him for not being true to his own superb and despotic arrogance."

Journalism, whatever its difficulties, was an easier matter for the writers of articles in the days of Addison and Steele than it is now, in that, as Mr. Scott-James justly remarks:

"All available problems were soluble, for the simple reason that none but half-problems were ever stated."

So far as the appetite for "hot" news is concerned, an appetite which is responsible for half the inaccuracies in newspapers, there is not much to choose between the public of to-day and its forerunners in the eighteenth century, however immense may be the difference in the means of gratifying the hunger. "In order to make myself useful," says an imaginary writer to *The Spectator* of about a hundred years ago, "I am early in the antechamber, where I thrust my head into the thick of the press, and catch the news, at the opening of the door, while it is warm. . . . A piece of news loses its flavour when it hath been an hour in the air." To-day, so quick are the ears and fleet the feet of the news-gatherers that at half-past ten in the morning we can read the midday issue of an "evening" paper!

The rise and character of American journalism, from the early times of the dignified *Boston Gazette*, and the more fiery *Massachusetts Spy*, before the discontent of the American colonies turned into war, is described and commented on with considerable fulness in this book, and there can be few English readers who will not learn many fresh facts from the pages which deal with this remarkable subject.

It is rarely that Mr. Scott-James invites correction for his statements of fact. He generalises much too freely when he says that:

"Europeans, in spite of a well-organised news service, only read the news when they happen to be financially interested."

And he seems to forget the oldest London morning newspaper when he writes:

"To-day the *Daily Telegraph* is the only penny London paper that appears to retain the undiminished support of its readers and advertisers."

In his probing examination of the "commercialism which has done such woeful injury to many papers, the author says:

"There is no need to cringe to the advertiser; vendors of goods will advertise in that paper which is respected by its readers, and therefore brings them the best returns. The journalist who will act upon the conviction that the public, even the great public, is not wholly stupid or despicable, has an unequalled opportunity."

Is it so certain that the paper which is "respected by its readers" brings "the best returns?" It would be a glorious truth. On another point where the author sees a bright light it is possible to agree with him more fully.

"It seems to me," he says, "to be a fact of extraordinary significance that the most popular organ in England should be adopting a policy of decency from which some of its rivals are receding."

Occasionally Mr. Scott-James has had something to say of the influence of advertisers on the Press, and its commercialism in general, and it may come as a surprise to many of his readers to learn that, in his view:

"The gravest aspect of modern daily journalism, and of popular journalism, especially, is . . . that it fails to present continuous news; that any person specially interested in a given subject cannot keep himself informed about it through the daily Press; that so far as that Press is concerned, he is not allowed to attend to any one subject with the consistency necessary to the formation of opinion."

This criticism on the popular newspapers is not, however, quite so entirely divorced from the "commercial" question as it may seem at first sight. The public which reads "news" as it eats bread, cannot, or will not, trouble to remember on Tuesday what it heard on Monday, so that it has very little use for "consistency" and "continuity."

"The knowing ones of the world have learnt that the Press is a manifold engine for moulding, controlling, reforming, degrading, cajoling, or coercing the public, whilst the great public reads its paper as it eats bread, without a thought of the mighty trick that is being played upon it."

In no sentence of his book has Mr. Scott-James more accurately summed up his general opinion of modern journalism, nor is there any statement less likely to evoke contradiction from any one who does not swallow "news" as he swallows eggs and bacon. It is, however, an incomplete statement, the part wanting being the recognition, amply shown by the author in other passages, that the Press, especially that vastly powerful section of it which was born and grew into strength and wealth as a consequence of Free and Compulsory Education, not only "controls" the mass of newspaper-readers for better or worse, but is, in its turn, controlled by them. Frankenstein made the monster, but the monster forced Frankenstein to go in directions to which he would never have gone of his own free will.

The glaring defect of this comprehensive and generally well-informed book is that it has no index. There is not even a "Contents-bill" above each chapter, merely a "Full-heading."

W. H. HELM.

* "The Influence of the Press." By R. A. Scott-James. 3s. 6d. net. (Partridge.)

TAGORE.*

These three books by the celebrated Rabindranath Tagore, author of "Gitanjali," and winner of the 1913 Nobel Prize for literature, are sure of an eager welcome from a large number of people; but whether that welcome will not end in a certain sense of disappointment is another matter. For, though all three books have a charm of their own, the charm of delicate fancy and wisdom, they have by no means the poetic depth and ecstacy of the

* "The Crescent Moon." With 8 Illustrations in Colour. 4s. 6d. net.—"The Gardener." 4s. 6d. net.—"Sādhana." 5s. net. By Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan.)

rhymeless lyrics of "Gitanjali." Indeed, they belong to a different order altogether, and are hardly likely to add to their author's reputation. I say "hardly" because I know that a reputation once made in England is like a bomb-proof shelter; but even bomb-proof shelters will not last for ever. Mr. Tagore must give us of his best if he is to retain the title of inspired prophet.

"The Crescent Moon" is a little volume of poems (translated into prose) about children—a delightful book of its kind, overflowing with sympathy and tender humour. It does not strike me as a very remarkable book, but it has a gentle charm and finish which make a good whole of its rather "thin" material. I will quote one of the sadder and more moving of these lyrics:

THE RECALL.

"The night was dark when she went away, and they slept.

"The night is dark now, and I call for her, 'Come back, my darling; the world is asleep; and no one would know, if you came for a moment while stars are gazing at stars.'

"She went away when the trees were in bed and the spring was young.

"Now the flowers are in high bloom and I call, 'Come back, my darling. The children gather and scatter flowers in reckless sport. And if you come and take one little blossom no one will miss it.'

"Those that used to play are playing still, so spendthrift is life.

"I listen to their chatter and call, 'Come back, my darling, for mother's heart is full to the brim with love, and if you come to snatch only one little kiss from her no one will grudge it.'"

The poems in "The Crescent Moon" are too subtle in their simplicity to appeal to many children, but they will appeal, instead, to their parents. There is a yearning softness in them which will touch the hearts of mothers.

"The Gardener" is another volume of rhymeless poems—"lyrics of love and life." They are of unequal merit, some of them being rather commonplace and others approaching to the grave and mystical beauty of the poems in "Gitanjali." But their whole effect is not particularly impressive. "The Gardener" has the Tagore "touch" in every line, but in the majority of them the inspiration seems to be lacking. Of course, like all Mr. Tagore's work, the finish is singularly perfect, but finish without genius is a barren achievement. Mr. Tagore's whole method and outlook are such that monotony is sure to supervene when imagination slumbers. We are either thrilled by him or slightly bored—at any rate, that is what is apt to happen. But let me give an example from "The Gardener" of Mr. Tagore's finer powers. Poem number 22 is the one I choose:

"When she passed by me with quick steps, the end of her skirt touched me.

"From the unknown island of a heart came a sudden warm breath of spring.

"A flutter of a flitting touch brushed me and vanished in a moment, like a torn flower petal blown in the breeze.

"It fell upon my heart like a sigh of her body and whisper of her heart."

Here is the breath of authentic passion. The asceticism of the East is mingled in Mr. Tagore's work with a very real joy in material existence.

The last of the three books before me is a volume of eight lectures on "the realisation of life." "Sādhanā" is really a sort of imaginative commentary on the *Upanishads*. Mr. Tagore's views on life and God are developed for us in these chapters with a wealth of expression and an ease of manner which are a literary feat. They will appeal to mystics and to all those who are constantly worrying themselves about life; but to others they may seem vague and unsubstantial. Mr. Tagore's religion is founded, apparently, upon a sort of general acceptance of all the great truths inculcated for centuries by both East and West. It is a religion based on love, but it is one that may give little satisfaction to seekers less philosophic than Mr. Tagore himself. For it requires an unusual type of mind to clasp these bloodless doctrines to the heart. They are the doctrines of a saint to whom meditation and busy action are alike the mirror of a higher existence. But there are many truly wise sayings in these pages; here is one, for instance:

"This discovery of a truth is pure joy to man—it is a liberation of his mind. For, a mere fact is like a blind lane, it leads only to itself—it has no beyond. But a truth opens up a whole horizon, it leads us to the infinite. That is the reason why, when a man like Darwin discovers some simple general truth about Biology, it does not stop there, but like a lamp shedding its light far beyond the object for which it was lighted, it illumines the whole region of human life and thought, transcending its original purpose."

These are words of rare significance. Would that "Sādhanā" was full of such, instead of losing itself in a quagmire of speculation and explanatory assertions.

The chief interest in all Mr. Tagore's work (apart from its poetic quality—which is spasmodic) is its humanity and balance, and at the same time its air of mystic and visionary brooding. It is a strange and arresting combination—the West and the East meeting, as it were, and coalescing in his mind. Perhaps that is why he has aroused so much attention in England. For it is impossible to gauge his poetry with any justness, but it is easy to realise the nobility of his teaching.

RICHARD CURLE.

THE EVERLASTING "WHY?"*

We are for ever asking questions and for ever finding no answer to them—"Into this Universe, and *why* not knowing, Nor *whence*, like water, willy-nilly flowing." And to every artist, as to everyone else, comes the moment when he lays down his pen, his brush, his chisel, his implement of any sort (for I suppose a crossing-sweeper can be an artist with his brush as a painter with his), and cries to the unanswering silence, "What am I here for? What am I doing and why am I doing it?" Then, if he is a wise man, he takes up his work again and *does* instead of *talks about doing*. By which I mean to say that I am rather tired of hearing people talk about Art. For the older I grow the more I am convinced that the thing is not to preach, but to get our "darrack" done. Remember what Carlyle said: "He that cannot keep his mind to himself cannot practice any considerable thing whatsoever." And Lord Shaftesbury, "All wise men are of the same religion, and keep it to themselves." Thomas à Kempis and a hundred others, said the same, but, of course, did not practise what they preached. So that, in feebly protesting against having to listen to Mr. Macfall in the pulpit, when I would much rather be reading one of his clever novels or looking at his clever drawings, I go far to justify him by putting him into so excellent a company. With which, the cork being out of the bottle, let me to my task.

And let me say at once that the reader of Mr. Macfall's book, "The Splendid Wayfaring," will find much pleasant reading, much refreshing enthusiasm, much that is old and true, put in a new light, and some things that may be new.

Having decided to be a Protestant (accent on penultimate, please!) he does right in protesting against any narrow definition of Art, such as "Art is Beauty" and the like—not that the Greeks were wrong, I think, so much as misleading. Art is, as he says, "the power of being able to transfer to others our sensations by a skilful playing upon their senses," or, to put it the other way about, "Any act whatsoever, whereby a man communicates an impression into our senses that he himself has felt, is a work of Art." This is one of the true things said newly, for Delsarte said long ago, "The object of Art is to crystallise emotion into thought, and then fix it into form." And in saying that I do not think the Greeks were so much wrong as misleading, I mean this: That they seemed to infer that the *aim* of Art should be Beauty, when the aim of Art should be Truth. Beauty will come, for all Truth is beautiful. This puts me at issue with Mr. Macfall, for he says in another place: "It has been solemnly written

* "The Splendid Wayfaring." By Haldane Macfall. Decorated by Lovat Fraser, Gaudier-Brzeska, the Author and Gordon Craig. 10s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

by one dictating public taste, that Millet's 'Killing the Hog' is beautiful! It is wholly unbeautiful." That I deny. "Pretty" I admit it is not. But wholly unbeautiful—No! No! It is beautiful in treatment, in directness of vision, in reality and significance. At which point we run up against the definition of the Beautiful. And who shall dare to formulate it?

So I go some way again to justify Mr. Macfall, for, if ever a preacher is justified, it is when he stimulates his unwilling hearers to contradiction and reconsideration of values. And nobody can deny that this book is stimulating, both because of its enthusiasm and learning, and the lively way in which it is expressed. He is up against the Dry-as-Dust critics. Art is a living thing, necessary to all men. And that is a good thing to remember.

In his own words:

"Art is absolutely necessary to all civilised life, to all intelligent living—that is to say, all life outside a madhouse. It is with us from the cradle to the grave. We cannot escape it. Without Art we are back again on all fours."

And he goes on to prove it, so that all may understand and realise that the artist, in the full meaning of the word, is the supreme man.

It is difficult, in a book so brimming over with good things, to pick out what is best for all. One can only choose samples of what is best for oneself, hoping that others, who like sermons, will attend this handsome cathedral and get a message which suits them, if it only be "that blessed word, Mesopotamia."

Take, for example, the chapter on "Craftsmanship":

"Art is not craftsmanship. A work may be a superb piece of craftsmanship without being a work of art at all . . . Art must create . . . Craftsmanship is that wondrous skill whereby we shape words or colour or sound or other illusive or rigid material into the rhythmic essence of that make-believe that brings Art to life—"

which is another way of saying that talent is that which earns, genius that which knows.

Take, again, a passage from the chapter on "The Great Dead." Boldly Mr. Macfall says:

"Let the owners of pictures by the old masters sell their possessions to whom they will. It is of far more vital necessity for the good of art that the finest living artists should be employed by the nation and by municipal bodies to create living art, to beautify the public streets and squares and buildings. . . . The nation would do better to spend ten times the amount of every penny given to antique art upon the encouragement of living masters."

Which is another way of saying that a live dog is better than a dead lion, and who shall gainsay the truth of this? The Egyptians knew it and acted upon it, the Greeks and Italians of the Renaissance did the same. So they produced vital art, the direct vision, not the sterile stuff which is produced by those who, in their student days, have been taught to see through old men's spectacles.

Oh, yes, there's good stuff in Mr. Macfall's book, and worth the reading. And I'm glad to have been dragged to Church once more and heard so good a sermon.

G. S. LAYARD.

THE POPULAR WAY.*

No wonder there are signs of literary indigestion in these over-written times. It cannot be called strange that some good books must waste their sweetness on the publishers' shelves, unborrowed and unbought, for the suppy is even greater than the demand, as vast as undiscriminating though that be. The popular palate is too much stimulated with literary courses. Every phase of excitement and emotion, every sort of character and incident, is worked to a rag. Here are five books calculated to appeal to the public sentiment.

The best of the bundle is "Atlantis." Hauptmann has justified his recent winning of the Nobel prize with a novel which in parts is worthy of his genius. It tells the story of a strong man, temporarily the slave and puppet of passion following his inclination until he comes full-tilt against the realities. Being wise, Frederick von Kammacher thereupon mended his ways, married the right woman, and so arrived at the happy ending. He is a fine fellow, a man of grit and brains, who had been treated very scurvily by fortune. His home was broken up through the madness of his wife; his scientific investigations had seemed to go awry; he was troubled and in a morbid frame of mind when he decided to plunge in chase of the pretty dancer, whose portrait

Drawn by Haldane Macfall. **The Splendid Wayfarer.**

From "The Splendid Wayfaring," by Haldane Macfall (Simpkin Marshall).

* "Atlantis." By Gerhart Hauptmann. 6s. (Laurie.)—"The Rocks of Valpré." By Ethel M. Dell. 6s. (Unwin.)—"Lady Sylvia's Imposter." By Thomas Cobb. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)—"The Breath of the Karoo." By L. H. Brinkman. 6s. (Jenkins.)-"Faith and Unfaith." By James Blyth. 6s. (Long.)

on the coloured wrapper has a striking and curious inaccuracy. She and her father were sailing in the "Roland," a trans-Atlantic liner. Von Kammacher went aboard, and was more than ever the victim of love-folly when crash came catastrophe. The liner had run into a derelict, and foundered. Hauptmann has effectively realised the blind forces, the cruelties and panic, which accompany such a disaster. This chapter of accident, as most of the book, is written with subtlety and realism. "Atlantis" is an excellent piece of work, which, it is to be hoped, will be widely read, for it is better worth than most of the fare offered to novel-readers?

Miss Edith Dell is rapidly becoming a best-seller, and we know the reason why. She gives the public just what the public wants—healthy fare, plentiful incident, highly-coloured sentiment, and heroes, a heroine, a villain, who are thorough. This is her best work so far, and with all its faults, is far better than "The Knave of Diamonds," so that the multitude which throngs the libraries will have "The Rocks of Valpré" much in their mouths. Of the heroes—there are two—Bertrand de Mortville, the Frenchman, as born to unhappiness as the sparks fly upwards; Trevor Mordaunt, the Englishman, calm, strong and patient, as truthful as Washington, and as self-giving as he was wealthy. He loved Chris, the heroine, and, poor fellow, married her. She was, indeed, a minx, a beautiful feather-brain, who deserved slapping. Owing to her airy, fairy, light-minded ways, she all-unconsciously caused Bertrand, who was incidentally a genius in gunnery, to fight a duel, to rouse the enmity of the iniquitous Captain Rodolphe; and, through the machinations of that complete scoundrel, to suffer imprisonment and exile for treason. The end is, as may be expected, a careful combination of tears, kisses and prettiness; sentimental, yet not insincere, as most of the books of its *genre* are. It will surely give enjoyment to multitudes for months to come.

We all know Mr. Thomas Cobb, and his light, slight romances written round this or that elegant heroine. In "Lady Sylvia's Impo:ter" he has improved on himself. He has built for us a plot which is almost intricate. Jerry Firbank is a moneyed man, who falls in love with a lady of station higher than his own. He declares the object of his affections to be Carlotta Brasted; and to bring himself nearer to the beautiful cause of his raptures, take steps which would sound improbable if it were not that fiction is said to be less strange than truth and love does now and then accomplish even the impossible. With Lady Sylvia, whose "imposter" he is, Jerry devises a plan; and then other people butt in and spoil it. Amongst these are two of the writing tribe, a popular woman-novelist, who sells in tens of thousands and is crude in her literary ways, and a man-writer whose fiction is finished and unsuccessful. They collaborate; but that is another story, and we may as well leave them, with Carlotta, Lady Sylvia and Jeremiah himself, to the tender mercies of Mr. Cobb's faithful followers.

It is like old times to be back in South Africa, among Boers, Bushmen, rooinecks, and all the persons and paraphernalia that made romance and history by the room-full ten short years ago. It will be interesting to see how "The Breath of the Karoo" succeeds at the present day. This novel, written unquestionably by one who knows, is as good as it well can be. Now and then Mr. Brinkman stops the action to explain, sometimes quite unnecessarily, this local practice or that. But, all the same, he has written a fine story. The persons of the tale are almost entirely Boers. Gijsbert Uigs and Wijnand Brandt are sworn friends, as close to each other as were David and Jonathan. Both, rather in a usual way, love Nettie du Plessis; and the questions come: Who shall wed her? Whom will she accept? How can one bear to be the successful rival of the other? Fate, again, in the usual manner, settles that question, and, meanwhile, trouble has fallen on the community. There are affairs with the Bushmen, murders are done, trials and anxieties result generally, to the interest of the reader. Mr. Brinkman, while he has evidently a great admiration for the Boers, is not blind to their deficiencies, and laughs not a little, sometimes somewhat harshly, at their laborious religiousness and narrow self-satisfaction. If a South African story is tolerable to the spoilt and pampered public of to-day, then this book should do, for "The Breath of the Karoo" is the real thing.

If Mr. James Blyth followed in his work some ideal, he might write a good novel; but he will not follow any ideal or take any trouble, with the result of the repeated realisation of fustian. In "Faith and Unfaith" he takes a stock couple, and stupid they are, although he tells us Jack Beverly is inordinately clever. With some swollen medical expressions, frequent splashes of easy Latin, unctuous religious phrases, stagey attitudes and well-worn circumstances, he builds the crude story of a clergyman's daughter married to an agnostic, who, of course, in the end, thanks to a baby's narrow escape from dying and other wonderful developments, comes to the light. The book is thin and rather dull. The characters are such stupid persons that we wish the hero had married the naughty Louise, that the heroine had wedded the ascetic clergyman who wanted her, and that her father had not died, but had been united to the housekeeper; it would have served them all jolly well right.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

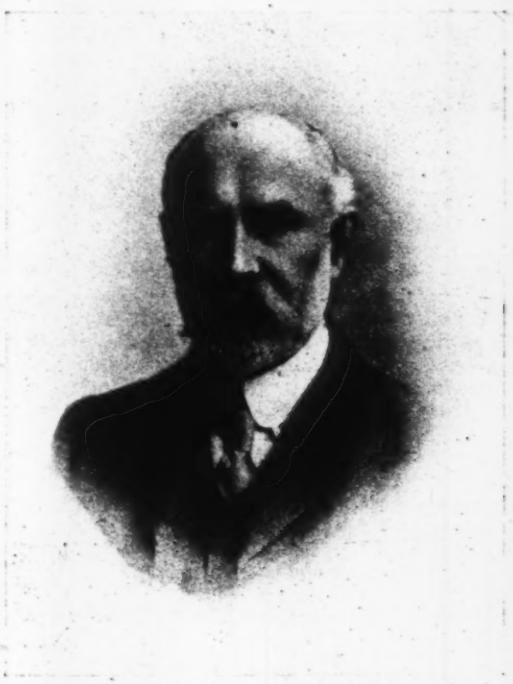


Photo by Geo. L. Wheaton, Andover. **Mr. William Blane.**
A new portrait.

TWO SOUTH AFRICAN POETS.*

In a foreword to a little anthology of South African poetry, "Veldsinger's Verse," that was published by Messrs. Dent four years ago, Olive Schreiner rebuked those who wrote scornfully of how little South Africa has produced yet in art or literature, and urged them to remember that "the whole white population of the Cape, Transvaal, Free State, and Natal is not larger than that of some North-country towns in England." Moreover, one should take into account that the literature of South Africa has had but a single century of development, and can be more fairly compared with that of Australasia, or of Canada, that with the homeland's golden harvest

* "The Ballad of Men, and other Verses." By William Blane. 2s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"Ballads of the Veld-Land." By Lynn Lyster. 5s. net. (Longmans.)

of a thousand years. And in no part of the Empire has the progress of the people been so hampered by the unsettled condition of their environment; when you recall how, in its comparatively brief career, the Colony has been distracted with racial strife, grimly preoccupied with wars, sordidly preoccupied all the time with diamond fields, gold mines, and the jugglings of finance, the wonder is, at first blush, that it has given its heart and mind so largely to those graces of existence that have little or no financial value. But only at first blush. We are spoiling our poets here a little nowadays by encouraging them to conceive of themselves as delicate creatures that can only mature in nice drawing-rooms where they drink tea daintily and eat very thin bread-and-butter, and of their poetry as a much-studied, artificial rarity that is more a matter of precious and exquisite words than of natural thought, and spontaneous emotion; but culture is not the mother of poetry, it is only its nursery-governess. Poetry is so very a child of nature that the early, unschooled world not only had poets before it had any writers of prose or rules of rhyme—it had them before books began to be written, or writing was invented. Before the academies had formulated any, Homer obeyed the rules of poetry without knowing it.

So, after all, it is nothing strange that so much verse should come from the younger lands of the Empire, nor that the less pampered, less leisured poets of those lands should seem more intently interested in the spirit of poetry than in its collars and cuffs and general outward habit. This sensitiveness to the spirit of poetry is the essential quality of the two newest volumes of poems that have come to us by two South African poets. Mr. William Blane is known out there and in this country as a very able journalist and a poet of distinction. He has two other volumes to his name, and "A Ballad of Men, and Other Verses" will add appreciably to his reputation. His style has an almost Wordsworthian directness and simplicity; in thought and expression his verses have no pose or touch of affectation; you feel they are always a natural, spontaneous utterance of the writer's sentiment, feeling, emotion, and their charm and effectiveness lie in that. There is real narrative power in "A Ballad of Men." Its quiet pathos and sense of the tragedy that simple love and death may bring into the common lives of ordinary men are truth and poetry and lose nothing by the unadorned simplicity of the language that reveals them. He finds his themes in the everyday experience of average life, the hopes and joys and sorrows that every heart must know, the changing seasons, the magic and mystery of sea and sky, the beauties of town and country scenery. Scorn is softened to pity in the sombrely forceful elegy on "The Soul of a Millionaire" there are vivid touches of picturesque description, as in the sonnet on "Yarrow," with its :

> "Here do the gods eternal vigil keep!
> Nature, enchanted, like a child asleep,
> Smiles at her great heart's fantasies."

and passages in which description and reflection blend, as in the sonnet of "Taj Mahal," of which this is the octave :

> "New ways, new lands, have, for the fancy-free,
> A fascination stronger than the will;
> Strange women and strange men, for good or ill,
> Hold the inconstant heart in constant fee:
> The thing that is, not that which is to be
> Nor that which has been, is the truest still—
> A smile, a tear, a rose, a daffodil.
> Is time and tide and all eternity. . . ."

but the most breezily descriptive thing in the book is "The Belated Gust," which opens with a vision of a typical South African storm :

> "The storm blew hard for a night and a day—
> Blew as a black South-Easter can!
> Blew till every ship in the bay
> Strained at its anchor or steamed away.
> Blew on the mountain and blew in the town,
> Raising the dust clouds, red and brown.
> Blew till the arm of boy or man
> Cramped with holding his hat in place;
> Blew on his back and blew in his face;
> Whirled about in a maddening chase;
> Blew and blustered and battered and beat
> Till the very gravel from the street
> Was lifted and shifted and driven away;
> Fiercely blew from the hour it began—
> Blew for a night and blew for a day—
> Blew as a black South-Easter can."

It must be read in its entirety for the strength and character of its blusterous realism to be justly appreciated; it is perhaps the most distinctive and one of the most memorable poems in the book, and, with the lines on Cecil Rhodes, and the grim ballad of "The Bloody Beacon," should be sure of a place in all future Anthologies of South African poetry.

Mr. Lynn Lyster has these same qualities of strength and simplicity of diction; he has proved himself already in some half-dozen volumes of ballads and lyrics—his "Lyrics of Child-Land" have music and tenderness and fancifulness enough—but in his newest volume, "Ballads of the Veld-Land," he sings brave sagas of South African heroism in peace and in war—of the grim battles fought between the Dutch and the natives, between the English and the natives, and between Briton and Boer in the fierce struggle of thirteen years ago. Beginning with the stirring tale of "De Held Woltemade," a gallant record of a Dutch settler in 1773, he comes down the brilliant roll of daring deeds in wars with the Zulus—there are stirring ballads of Isandhlwana and of Rorke's Drift—to the immortal narratives of that fight for the guns at Colenso, and the ghastly tragedy of Magersfontein. There is no space to quote one of these ballads in full and extracts would not adequately represent them, but the finely patriotic spirit of them all is expressed in the opening ballad of the Days to Come, in which is foreshadowed how :

> "When our children's children gather
> On the stoep at dusky eve"—

and the tired house-mother, resting, tells these stories of the past :

> "When they ask her of our heroes
> Will their lineage she trace,
> Naming this one Boer, or Briton?
> Will she speak of blood and race?
> Nay! for she will whisper softly
> In those quiet evening hours,
> Looking down the years' dim vista,
> 'Tis enough to call them Ours.'"

They are vigorous, spirited ballads, full of fire and colour and the right love and admiration of rough and ready manliness, embodying in virile, swinging, taking verse some of the most memorable incidents and events in the blended history of the Afrikander race. South Africa is richer in such stories as these than in all her diamonds; they were worth telling again, and Mr. Lynn Lyster has told them well.

C. W.

Novel Notes.

SARAH EDEN. By E. S. Stevens. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

"Sarah Eden" marks a very decided advance upon Miss Stevens's earlier work—excellent though that was. It is, as it were, a blend of her two styles of writing, the English and the Oriental; but it is no cleverly unsatisfactory experiment, but a very sound and painstaking piece of work. Sarah Eden sprang from a Devonshire yeoman family, and had the ordinary education of a farmer's daughter. Religion always interested her, but she soon grew beyond the rather narrow tenets of the old Evangelical school. From the first there was a "way" with her. She was intensely practical and efficient, but she saw visions in which she believed. Her imagination made her keenly

sympathetic, but she never understood the physical aspects of love. It was this that made her marriage a failure—for a failure it was—and her husband had cause for his jealousy of Charters, the curate associated with Sarah in her social work in a Hampshire town. Between her and Charters there was indeed an affinity of spirit—an understanding to which the unhappy John Eden could never attain. It was soon afterwards that he met with the fatal accident that left Sarah free. And then came her grand vision, translated by Charters and herself into a divine command that they should await the Second Advent at Jerusalem. There follows—and this is the greater part of the book—a description of the foundation of Sarah Eden's community in the sacred city and of its daily life, the climax coming in the love affair between Sarah's daughter and a pleasant young English artist. As will be seen it is a novel on the grand scale; it presents the life and opinions and outlook of its heroine from all points of view except the frankly sceptical, and, among minor points, it gives the reader a wonderfully vivid picture of Jerusalem with its quarrelling Christians and its stolid Mohammedans. Most certainly it is a book to read. Its publishers call it "a novel of great distinction," and they are right.

WESTWAYS. By S. Weir Mitchell. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

This romance of the American Civil War, by the distinguished doctor and writer who has recently died, gives us a vivid picture of family life in the United States in the eventful early sixties. Captain James Penhallow, the owner of certain iron mills and mines "on the further side of the Pennsylvania Alleghanies," is married to a lady from Maryland. Being childless, the couple, who correspond to what we should call "county people" in England, adopt a neice, Leila Grey, and a nephew, John Penhallow. Brought up together, the young couple form a friendship which develops into love, but their affairs merely form, as the author says, "the background of a story which also deals with the influence of politics and war on all classes." Mrs. Penhallow has sympathies with the Southerners, but when confronted by the problem of a runaway slave human nature asserts itself and she helps him to escape. When war breaks out Captain Penhallow is nearly ruined, but he and his nephew, now a West Point cadet, serve under General Grant. An order from the Government for field-guns recoups the family fortunes, but the captain returns home a physical and mental wreck, owing to a bullet wound in the head. A successful operation, however, is performed, and his recovery completes the happiness of John and Leila. The story at times seems somewhat drawn out, and there is something of an anti-climax in the quarrel between the lovers towards the end. The diction, especially the conversations between John and Leila, is a trifle stilted. But the interest lies chiefly in the description of the life of the period, and the book, with its realistic accounts of the fighting between the North and the South, can confidently be recommended to all lovers of adventure.

The late Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

IT HAPPENED IN EGYPT. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. 6s. (Methuen.)

Egypt is a new background for a Williamson plot, but a successful one as it turns out, for in the desert, on the Nile, and in Cairo and other towns there is a wealth of material to be woven into the warp and woof of their story. Beginning as a mystery connected with the buried mausoleum of an ancient queen, the secret of which has come into the hands of Lord Ernest Borrow, otherwise "The Duffer," a young diplomatist, and his friend Captain Fenton, an up-to-date Richard Burton, it is switched off to the fortunes of a party of American tourists, including Rosamond Gilder, the Cannon Princess, the Bertha Krupp of America. This party amalgamates with another being shown Egypt by a millionaire who is determined to outdo Cook, and in an amusing fashion Lord Ernest Borrow is forced to assume the rôle of personal conductor. Captain Fenton, engaged on a Government investigation disguised as a native, is secured as guide, and numerous complications follow. The party meets with plenty of adventures, but in the end the cause of these many mysterious happenings is satisfactorily explained, and three sets of people made happy for life. No treasure is found, but something which is of more importance—Love. Without being pedantic or without a too glaring dragging in of facts Mr. and Mrs. Williamson impart much pleasant knowledge. One need hardly add that the descriptive work is excellent and the story absorbing.

SPARKS THAT BROOD. By Noel Fleming. 6s. (Lynwood.)

Everything conspired to make Jimmy's life easy. He was very wealthy, had an excellent education, and—above all—a devoted mother, who lived a life of comparative retirement in order that she might watch over every development of her son's character. He is a very decent young fellow: a keen and accomplished sportsman and—in spite of a few derogatory remarks for which the author is responsible—of rather more than the average intelligence. In fact, he is an example of that best type turned out by our Public Schools and Universities, of which, to be frank, we hear of more often than we meet. He has always wanted to marry Peggie, but he pays for going against his mother's advice—that he shall not get engaged to her before she has had a chance of meeting other men. The consequence is that Peggie throws him over and has an affair of the heart with the sinister Sir Francis Wyndham. She returns to Jimmy under suspicious circumstances, and although she marries him, everything is not plain sailing thenceforward. However, the end of the book is as blissful as possible. Mr. Fleming displays much ability in the handling of the character of his hero, and he invests that gentleman's relations with his mother with particular charm. In fact, "Sparks that Brood" is a very pleasant first novel, and it gives promise of even better work to come.

MODERN LOVERS. By Viola Meynell. 6s. (Martin Secker.)

How is it that Miss Meynell, who can so skilfully construct a story, tell it in good English, and draw such excellent portraits of women, is not so convincing with her men? In "Modern Lovers," her latest novel, Millie and Effie Rutherglen are as human and delightfully feminine as anything in fiction. Returning home from situations as teachers to live with a rather vulgar mother and an incredibly ill-natured father, they both fall in love with Clive Maxwell, a young man whose characteristics are so entirely effeminate that we find ourselves at a loss to account for his popularity or attraction. He is vain beyond the dreams of vanity, his inordinate, insatiable desire for praise simply appals one. "You always know what is best," says Effie to him. "Do you think that of me? . . . Oh, how you please me!" replies Clive, in all seriousness. When he makes love to a girl, "in his glowing pride he considered her love very little from her point of view, but as something to add to all those things with which he impressed his friends," whilst the girl herself gets the exact

impression of him that a man often has of a woman, for she felt "he was like a bird flying away from her, and that, as with a bird, any clutching grasp would be a cruelty and a failure." Telling himself that he must "love universally," he first, in the writer's words, "secures" Millie, and then immediately "added on Effie to his life, but made a most charming and genuine display of not being willing to lose Millie." However, in self-defence, Millie becomes engaged to a brainless young man of the neighbourhood, leaving Effie to deal with a lover who on one occasion asks her: "Can't you explain the state of your mind, or justify it?" and who has to be asked "very kindly" to press her hand! It is a tribute to the real excellence of the book that we should feel so disappointed at finding in it such a character as Clive Maxwell, and we must justify our indignation at his presence by the fact that Miss Meynell has interested us so deeply in Millie and Effie. For the rest, Miss Meynell, as usual, displays finished workmanship and sound technique, and the direct simplicity of her style is altogether admirable. "Modern Lovers" is a novel of rare distinction; its story is alive with interest, and though Clive Maxwell, cleverly as he is drawn, may displease us, for Miss Meynell's women—their beautifully natural personal qualities and the ability and insight with which they are realised—we have nothing but praise.

THE WATERS OF LETHE. By Dorothea Gerard. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

The great thing about Viktor Vogler is that he is not a prig. This is where he differs from the heroes of many other novels which in other respects are at least as good as "The Waters of Lethe," and this constitutes Madame Longard de Longgarde's success in a book which, to be frank, is not otherwise remarkable. When little more than a boy Viktor has taken on his own shoulders the crime (that of stealing a fur overcoat) committed by his brother Max, and he has suffered a month's imprisonment for it. The brothers leave Vienna and come to London as waiters, and here Viktor comes under the favourable notice of a successful banker, with the result that within a few years he has become that gentleman's private secretary and right-hand man. Max is a fashionable teacher of German, and is about to make a very good marriage. It is at this point that the old story is revived by an enemy of Viktor's, and the theft of the overcoat has far more serious effects on the lives of both brothers than either could have imagined. The story is pleasantly written and well told, and it should increase the circle of the author's admirers.

Mrs. Ghosal.
Author of "An Unfinished Song" (Werner Laurie).

AN UNFINISHED SONG. By Mrs. Ghosal (Srimati Svarna Kumari Devi). 6s. (Laurie.)

Mrs. Ghosal is the sister of Rabindranath Tagore, the distinguished Indian poet to whom the Nobel Prize for Literature has been awarded recently, and one understands from Miss E. M. Lang's introduction to this book that in her native country she attracts almost as much attention as her more famous brother. "An Unfinished Song" is a quiet little story, written in an excellent English style, of the love affair of an Indian maiden. From an English point of view the experiences of Mrinaline, the heroine, are not at all remarkable, but in India the affair is invested with far more significance. In the first place, Mrinaline is nineteen before she marries. "This may be a source of surprise to one who understands this land of ours. . . . And if a surprise it be, I have a still greater in store for my readers. I, a Hindu maiden, knew love before I entered wedlock. I loved a man without even expecting him to become my husband." Mrinaline's is a pretty little romance, and it is described with a delicate and attractive sentiment. But the chief value of the book lies in the excellent picture that it gives of the life of the wealthy natives of Bengal, of their European manners and thei very un-European outlook upon life.

RICHARD FURLONG. By E. Temple Thurston. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Although there is generally supposed to be something of a popular feeling against "sequels," many writers of the present day appear inclined to indulge in fiction trilogies, or sequel upon sequel. Thus Mr. Temple Thurston describes "Richard Furlong" as the "second of three books of which 'The Antagonists' was the first," and therefore it may perhaps be advisable to say at once that by itself it tells a complete and consistent story, that it may be read by itself as well as any one of Zola's long series of connected novels, or as any separate part of Balzac's "Comédie Humaine." Any novel has to take a before and an after for granted, and all that the trilogists of to-day do is to take us a little further back or a little further forward, or to deal in more elaborate fashion with periods more summarily covered by other writers. In "Richard Furlong" Mr. Temple Thurston gives us a story that is really complete in itself, in that it follows a definite stage in the career of his hero—a stage that begins with his running away from home at the age of eighteen to seek fame and fortune and the art training which shall make such possible to him, in that Mecca of so many hopes—London. Richard Furlong is an instinctive artist, a genius, and we follow the story of his career for a few years, and the close study of his character, with peculiar interest as these are unfolded by his creator. Despite a boyish engagement before leaving home, it is in the seemingly unpromising atmosphere of a Drury Lane oil-shop that he happens upon love—the sweet self-sacrificing love which expends itself that he may go forward on the path of success. In the delineation of the girl, the common Cockney girl, who embodies that love, Mr. Temple Thurston has been especially successful, but the whole book is, as it were, true to life, though the girl in her devotion, is as rare as is the genius which inspires Richard to do that which he feels impelled to do in despite of circumstances that would have broken the spirit of anything less sustaining than his self-confidence. The various persons who help or would hinder the artist in his advance are admirably individualised, and

the whole book is notable as a careful and sincere rendering of the formative period in the career of a modern self-made artist-genius, a rendering set forth with humour and sympathy, and the understanding which those twinned qualities connote.

THE RACE OF CASTLEBAR. By Emily Lawless and Shan F. Bullock. 6s. (Murray.)

Such merit—and it is not inconsiderable—as this story of the French invasion of Ireland in 1798 possesses, must, for the most part, be ascribed to Mr. Shan Bullock. Miss Lawless, it appears, wrote the opening and, again, the concluding chapters, but she realised that inspiration was not on her as she worked, and she handed over the story to Mr. Bullock to make what he could of it. The introductory chapters, indeed, halt somewhat, and even the occasional bright passages do not compensate for the prolix story of Mr. John Bunbury's courtship of the proud and wilful Lady Lavinia. But as soon as Mr. Bullock picks up the threads and describes the happenings at Castle Byrne and in the surrounding Irish countryside, fresh vigour is imparted to the story. Mr. Bullock jettisons the love-affair of Mr. Bunbury, and applies himself to showing the extraordinary situation—no doubt paralleled in other cases—of the Byrne household with the two hostile branches of the family, the one Protestant and the other Roman Catholic, living under the same roof; to giving an account of Humbert's invasion, with its transitory success; and, in general, to reconstructing upon realistic lines the life of Western Ireland in those unhappy days. All this is done with great animation and vigour, and Mr. Bullock avails himself to good purpose of the dramatic opportunities presented to him by the interaction of the French and Irish, of the Protestants and Roman Catholics, of the conflicting claims of family, religion, and politics. Miss Lawless was more happy in her concluding chapters, and the parting words which she puts into the mouth of Colonel O'Byrne are full of insight. But, we repeat once more, her share of the tale will not do full credit to the memory of the author of "Hurrish," and for this reason the eminently successful intervention of Mr. Bullock is the more remarkable.

THE VALLEY OF THE MOON. By Jack London. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

The idyllic title of Mr. London's latest novel—and his best—will neither delude nor deter those who know its predecessors. They will know there are grim forces stirring somewhere in the region of this nook of shelter and starlight, and that the people who populate it are very fierce realities. As a matter of fact, the lunar paradise does not arrive until the real action of the book has ceased. It is reserved as a kind of reward or escape after many strenuous chapters, in which the struggle is not merely one of thew and sinew, but a moral war with principalities and powers. We get in the opening chapters the hinterland of San Francisco at its worst; and Oakland seems to engage itself chiefly with the clatter of steam laundries, the strains of the dancing saloon, and the faction fights of public holidays. This abrupt plunge into a Western world of slang and steam and strife is made palatable to English readers by the pride with which the hero and heroine contemplate their Saxon origin; but the author must not be accused merely of making an effort to conciliate his critics over here. He brings out certain qualities in those two figures which we are glad to recognise as admirable—the more so that the woman is the deeper and more consistent character, and has none of "Billy's" weaknesses. Billy Roberts, like the book, is mixed in his composition. Brought up as a prize-fighter, he qualifies as a teamster, and handles horses with the same mercy and discretion wherewith he handled men. He is certainly a "hunky" gladiator, this six-foot giant of the blue eyes and fair complexion; but when poverty and hardships arrive he loses self-control, and shows once more that the physical training of the ring, however thorough, is no discipline for the finer issues of life. "Saxon," his wife, on the other hand, keeps true to her simple ideals, and brings him through. Her emotions are always fresh and womanly. She succeeds in everything her modesty allows her to undertake, but she cannot help the author to interest us in certain chapters which are only agricultural pamphlets in disguise. This is the real defect of his book from the literary point of view; the moral one is that in Billy's excesses the ethical balance is not sufficiently preserved. Otherwise we have nothing but admiration for this powerful and human story.

The Bookman's Table.

GLAMIS: A PARISH HISTORY. By the Rev. John Stirton, B.D., F.S.A. (Scot.) 6s. (Shepherd, Forfar.)

The minister of Glamis (pronounced Glams) in Forfarshire, has followed in the wake of many of his brethren by writing the history of his parish. No men have better opportunities for doing that work than the parish ministers of Scotland and England, and it would be well if more of them would follow suit. There is much fallow ground to be broken up, much original research to be undertaken, important discoveries to be expiscated, and therefore a great deal to be added to the nation's knowledge of the past. The rural parish is admittedly a rich mine for investigation. Of that there is fresh and ample evidence in Mr. Stirton's noble contribution to local literature. The very name Glamis enthralls one. The author says it is synonymous with antiquity. And when the tradition of Macbeth is recalled, we know what far-off mists enshroud us. It is, however, with the murder, in 1034, of Malcolm II. that Glamis first comes into notice. How that tragedy of the forgotten years had its effect on Walter Scott is well known to readers of Lockhart. At twenty-two, Scott was a guest at Glamis, where he spent the uneasiest, "eeriest" night of his life, though it is on record that he once slept in a room in the second bed of which lay an uncoffined corpse. But at Glamis it was the memory of Malcolm which haunted that otherwise fearless man. The legend of Glamis is to this effect: "Some centuries ago the Lord of Glamis and his guest, the Earl of Crawford, were playing cards in what is now the secret room of the Castle. The evening was Saturday, and host and guest had become so engrossed in their play that they did not realise the flight of time, and that Sunday was approaching, until they were reminded of the hour by an attendant. They swore a terrible oath together, agreeing that they would not cease their play until the game was finished, although they should have to play until the 'crack of doom.' The oath had hardly been uttered when the hour of twelve struck and a stranger appeared. In even, dispassionate tones he informed them that he would keep the compact and take them at their word. The tradition is that those noblemen meet every year in the secret room on the anniversary of that night, and play cards, and that they will continue to do so until the Judgment Day."

Mr. Stirton has much to tell about the Church of Glamis, and quotes copiously from the Session Records. There have been some eminent ministers of the parish, and the wife of one of them, Agnes Lyon, wrote the words to Neil Gow's "Farewell to Whisky." Able accounts of the district, past and present, of the farms and families, of customs and habits long in desuetude, and of the prosperity of to-day, combine to make a volume of parochial history as pleasing and as well done as any that we know of. The illustrations call for special praise. Out of all sight, they *are* the best we have seen in any similar production.

THE CONQUEST OF NEW GRANADA. By Sir Clements E. Markham. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Who knows of the Chibchas? Everyone knows of the Aztecs and the Incas, their civilisation and splendour and their woes and how they fell before the invading people of the East. But the civilization of the Chibchas and the

tale of the conquest of New Granada by Quesada is unknown to English literature—"*carebant quia vate sacro.*"

Yet this people deserved a better fate than to be destroyed and almost obliterated by the ruthless adventurers who swarmed over to South America from Spain seeking gold and power, and finding it through bloody cruelties. They were a valiant, hardy agricultural race, with well defined customs, religion and polity, with an elaborate calendar that has been preserved and displays no little knowledge of the mysteries of astronomy. They had a civilisation that was in many ways crude and unformed, but which was advancing on its own lines and developing in accordance with the needs of the people. But the Spaniards came, and thenceforward the story of the Chibchas is one of distress and despair. Sir Clements Markham's brief sketch of the Chibchas and their history is of the greatest interest. But we should welcome a complete history of the people and their civilization; perhaps an enlightened Colombian will give it to the world. In the meantime we are grateful for the present outline of a story heretofore known only to one or two students, and only imperfectly.

SONGS OF APHRODITE. By Lady Margaret Sackville. 4s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

The chief individual quality of Lady Margaret Sackville's work is her command of rhythm. At her best, she never lets a line stand by itself, but makes it a part of a long roll of subtly modulated harmony, in which rhyme, when used, is only a secondary element. Here and there are traces of the influence of Swinburne, not so much in diction as in the slow large melody of some of the blank verse, but Lady Margaret Sackville has experimented in rhythms in her own way, and arrived at a delicate originality and a peculiar beauty which are far removed from Swinburne's trampling measures. The three little dramas in the present volume all contain fine work. "The Coming of Hippolytus," is a brilliant study in tragic irony. "Orpheus Among the Shades" is a strange and tender thing of music, that needs but the collaboration of a composer of genius to make it the great scene in a music drama of the Greek kind, in which the words are of as much importance as the melodies to which they are chanted. "The Wind" is a piece that could be played to any modern audience that cares for beauty, romance and poetry. It needs only two actors—a man and a woman—and it rises quietly and swiftly to an extraordinarily tragic situation. Among the shorter pieces is one, "The Lion-Goddess," whose inspiration we seem to be able to trace. As Stevenson built his story of a trapped man out of a curious old door he found in a French town, so Lady Margaret Sackville appears to have been struck by the tragic air of a great temple of Ancient Egypt, with its hot stones shining in silence and mystery in the white, burning sunlight. It gave her the impression of some secret rite of horror, as she passed down the hushed, empty colonnade towards the shrine. So she pictures a man ending his long pilgrimage in death, rent to pieces by the lions kept in the centre of the temple. It is a curious, impressive study.

THE GROWTH OF A SOUL. By August Strindberg. Translated by Claud Field. 3s. 6d. net. (William Rider.)

During the last two years over twenty volumes of translations of Strindberg have appeared, so that we have now, at any rate, an opportunity of knowing something of the substance of his work and art. To us in England the most interesting and significant part of this work is contained in the various autobiographical volumes, in which he has ruthlessly exposed his soul; he idealises nothing; he fearlessly pictures his life as a sign, not an example, and lets us know as far as he can each spiritual and material experience. This volume recounts his University life; it is filled with the usual complaints of an ardent young man against his teachers and their academic outlook on life, an impatient desire for actual experience, and a readiness to try everything; he is remarkably fair in his self-criticism, though he never loses the conviction that he has great powers if he can only find his true rôle. His wanderings between Upsala, the University, and Stockholm are a little difficult to follow, but his experiences were obviously very varied, and he is able to interest us in the different people he met. We understand something of his home life, his commonplace brothers and sisters, and the strong personality of his father. There is nothing very new in the talk and discussions of the various young men; there is the usual exaggeration, illuminated at times by brilliant insight. Strindberg states more than once in this volume that he was often in love, but it is evident that, during this period, woman played no real part in his life. Strindberg's character is always interesting, but it has none of the charm which is inseparable from true genius, however wayward that genius may be. In reading certain passages, one is tempted to say "things do not happen so."

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. W. COLLINS & SONS.

The comparatively small size of "The Nation's Library" series forbids anything like an exhaustive treatment of the subjects with which the different volumes deal, but within the limited space at his disposal Mr. H. H. Bassett has produced an excellent sketch of **British Commerce** (1s. net). His words are always to the point, and he has found room to make numerous suggestions for the development of our national trade, which, it can hardly be doubted, will be accepted by all his readers. One of the suggestions upon which he lays much stress is the formation of a Ministry of Commerce. This proposal, of course, is not new, but Mr. Bassett puts the case with exceptional clearness, and his exposition of the argument that British manufacturers should not have to depend for their information upon the conditions in foreign countries upon the Consular Reports, "edited at the Foreign Office and the Board of Trade," is in every way excellent. Another subject to which Mr. Bassett, in common with many other people, pays great attention is the reform of our educational system. He is, perhaps, inclined to favour an unduly "bread-and-butter" type of education, but he does not fall into the error, which so many business men make, of supposing that no education is any good which is not strictly confined to the imparting of commercial and trade knowledge, and he pays a very high tribute to the advantages possessed by the university-trained man who applies himself to a commercial career. Finally, Mr. Bassett sums up his remedies as falling under two main headings—national organisation and national education, and ends with the warning that we must give up the idea that "our commerce is a sort of national milch cow, to be taxed and turned about at the pleasure of any Party that happens to be in power, and, as it were, divinely immune from the evils that arise from unskilled guidance."

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO.

There is a certain class of reader which has an amiable weakness for novels written in the epistolary manner. To our mind it is a curious taste, but it is only fair to admit that it is seldom gratified, when one takes into consideration the vast quantity of novels written in the orthodox style. **Joan's Green Year**, by E. L. Doon (6s.), is a very favourable specimen of its type, and no doubt quite a number of people will pardon its lack of construction and its frequent long-windedness for the sake of its insight into character and its admirable descriptions of life in a quiet English farmhouse. The story told in this series of letters presents the eternal triangle situation in its simplest guise, but it has the supreme merits of simplicity and naturalness, and the letters also abound in pleasant anecdotes and in happy turns of phrase. We congratulate Miss Doon upon a very likeable piece of work.

MESSRS. WARD LOCK & CO.

Geraldine Walton—Woman, by Marie Connor Leighton (6s.), opens at a brilliant social function at Oldborough Castle in honour of the home-coming of Stephen Walton, the son and heir of Alexander Walton, a self-made multi-millionaire. Stephen has been absent for seven years, on a South Pole expedition it is said, though there is a general feeling afloat that some mystery is attached to his long absence; this feeling is intensified by his non-appearance on the night of the celebrations to welcome him home. His sister, Geraldine, and his poor blind mother are greatly disappointed and perturbed—but only Alexander Walton knows where his son really is and where he has been these long seven years. Events follow quickly and we are soon in the thick of a thrillingly dramatic plot, which needs the skill of a past-master of sensational mystery stories, such as Mrs. Leighton is, to unravel and keep its many complications clear and in order before the reader. There is no lack of exciting incident in the story, which is crowded with dramatic situations and hair-breadth adventures that make it an altogether worthy successor to "Convict 99."